The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1914.

Summary of the News

When we wrote last week there was still a faint hope that even at the eleventh hour general war in Europe might be averted. As we write now, all the hope that it is possible to entertain is for a speedy termination of the conflict and for a final settlement that may make it impossible for those few men who have brought about this calamity ever again to decide for nations the issues of life and death. We trace more fully in our editorial columns the responsibility for the disaster that has overtaken Europe and the world.

Following the declaration of war against Servia by Austria on Tuesday of last week, mobilization was begun by Russia. On July 29 a semi-official warning to Russia to cease her activities was published in the inspired *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and this was followed by a demand from Germany, practically amounting to an ultimatum, that Russia state her position in the conflict. Russia's reply was an official announcement of mobilization, and on Friday the Kaiser declared a "state of war" to be existing in Germany. A more definite ultimatum by Germany demanded that Russia cease mobilizing within twelve hours, and this being ignored, at 7:30 on Saturday night Germany declared war on Russia. An order for the mobilization of the French troops, including practically every man under fifty years of age, was also promulgated by President Poincaré on Saturday, and Germany, scattering ultimata over Europe, issued one to France, which expired on Sunday. On the same day martial law was proclaimed in France and Algeria. By Monday a state of war existed on both the French and the Russian frontiers of Germany.

It is next to impossible from severely censored cable dispatches and from conflicting rumors to determine exactly what has taken place, but it seems perfectly clear that Germany took the initiative in crossing the frontier into France without awaiting a formal declaration of war. Infinitely more serious, however, is Germany's action in violating the neutral territory of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and of Belgium. German troops seized the railway in Luxembourg on Saturday night, and the Duchy was occupied by a large force, which has been estimated as consisting of 100,000 men. The neutrality of Belgium, which is guaranteed by treaty among the Powers, has also been violated, Germany having issued yet another ultimatum to that country, which expired at seven o'clock on Monday morning, offering an entente if the movement of German troops through the country should be facilitated. The request was refused, and on the same day German forces invaded Belgian territory.

The course that Great Britain would take remained for some time in doubt. The British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, and the Cabinet have bent every endeavor towards the preservation of peace, and there has been a notable absence of jingoistic feeling in England, as, indeed, in France also. In spite, however, of a considerable peace sentiment in England and, presumably, in the Cabinet, it is obvious, since from the first every precaution has been taken as though war were impending, that the hopes entertained by the Ministry of being able to maintain a neutral attitude were slight. The invasion of Belgium was the decisive act, and Sir Edward Grey, in speaking of Belgian neutrality, declared in the House of Commons on Monday: "Our interest is as strong to-day as it was in 1870." As we write, no definite declaration of war has been made by Great Britain, but an ultimatum on the Belgian situation was issued to Germany on Tuesday, and the tone of the debates in the House of Commons leaves no doubt as to the determination of Great Britain to support France. John Burns, President of the Board of Trade, on Monday resigned from the Cabinet, as he could not endorse the policy of the Government. Mobilization of the British army was ordered on Tuesday.

The possible attitude of Italy in the event of a European war, which has long been a commonplace of discussion, has now been decided, temporarily at least, by a declaration of neutrality. The Italian Government bases its position on the ground that its obligations to the Powers of the Triple Alliance are confined to a defensive war, whereas it regards the present war as aggressive. That, it may fairly be said, though true, is no more than half the truth, for hatred of Austria may almost be said to be one of the bonds that make Italy the "geographical expression" into Italy the nation, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether Italian troops could be induced to take the field as allies of Austria. Other European countries which have declared their neutrality are Bulgaria, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Switzerland, and Greece. In most of these countries, however, preparations have been made for eventualities. Holland and Switzerland have ordered partial mobilization, and a treaty exists between Great Britain and Portugal according to which the latter country furnishes 10,000 men to assist Britain in case of war. Japan has announced that in the event of England becoming involved in the Far East she will carry out the obligations of the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

The financial aspects of the European situation, with which we deal more fully elsewhere, are naturally of a seriousness that can hardly be overrated. When the New York Stock Exchange closed on Friday, not an exchange of first-rate importance in the world remained open. The English bank rate was advanced last week first to eight per cent. and then to ten, where it remains. Following a meeting of Secretary McAdoo and leading bankers of New York on Sunday, a reassuring statement on the banking situation was given out, and it was announced that measures would be taken for the conservation of the gold supply. Secretary McAdoo also issued a statement that $100,000,000 of additional currency would be issued immediately to the banks of New York. Congress has authorized the issuance of an amount estimated at one billion dollars in emergency currency if the banks of the country should ask it.

Some anxiety has been occasioned by the position of American citizens travelling in Europe. Owing to the suspension of service by some of the transatlantic lines and probable suspension by others, their prospects of returning to America in the immediate future appear somewhat vague, and their embarrassment is increased by the difficulty of obtaining money through the ordinary means of exchange used by travellers. The matter has been taken up by the United States Government, and measures for the relief of peripatetic Americans are being considered.

The Mexican situation, like everything else, has been overshadowed by the news from Europe. There are apparently no developments of great importance to record, and the reduction in the quantity of news reported is to be welcomed as tending to an improvement in quality. As we go to press, however, the report comes that the Constitutionalists have refused to entertain the conditions of peace proposed by the representatives of Provisional President Carbajal at Saltillo. It is stated that they have never even seen Gen. Carranza himself, and considerable anxiety is felt in Washington as to his intentions regarding an amnesty.

We deal elsewhere with the important decision delivered on Saturday by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the advance rate case. The decision gives the railways in the territories west of Pittsburgh and east of the Mississippi River an increase which, it is estimated, will yield between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000 additional yearly revenue.

The intervention of the President in the dispute over wages between managers of Western railways and the enginemen and firemen in their employ resulted on Monday in a decision of the managers to accept the plan proposed by the Federal Board of Mediation, which had already been favorably passed upon by the representatives of the men.

With appropriate ceremony the Cape Cod Canal, connecting Buzzard's Bay with Barnstable Bay, was opened to commerce on July 29. The cost of this useful enterprise has been $12,000,000, all of which is private capital.

"Hunger-striking" seems unlikely to become a popular hobby among criminals in the United States. In the case of the female I. W. W. agitator, who has gained some notoriety by attempting a hunger-strike, strongly suspected of being assisted by a tabloid diet, Miss Katharine B. Davis, Commissioner of Correction for New York city, last week gave notice to the press that no further information concerning the progress of the adventure would be forthcoming.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. Paul Reclus, July 29; Prof. Francis H. Storer, July 30; Jean-Léon Jaurès, Thomas J. Kiernan, July 31; Harry Wilson, August 2; Col. Stephen Crosby Mills, Prof. Ralph C. H. Catterall, August 3.

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The Week

Sir Edward Grey's reading of an official document in the House of Commons was the first authorized and authentic account we have had of the extent of the Anglo-French agreement. Rumors about it have been thick. Most of them have been wide of the fact. The Foreign Secretary's explanation made all clear. There is no formal alliance. No explicit military convention has been signed. What passed was simply an exchange of notes, by which the two Governments bound themselves, in case either was attacked by a third nation, to consult together with a view to joint action. This may be said to be an alliance in everything except form. It has most of the advantages of a defensive alliance without its disadvantages. That it is considered binding both in Paris and London is clear. This accounts for the persistent efforts of the French Government to put Germany in the position of the aggressor, and also for its confident expectation that it would have the co-operation of the British navy. It explains, too, the dominant English feeling of the moment, as expressed by Lord Charles Beresford, when he calls upon the nation to "pay a debt of honor" to France.

Nevertheless the British Government would be disinclined to join in the war against Germany unless it were convinced that the highest national interests were involved. Why they are, it needs but a moment's reflection to see. If Germany were to triumph over both France and Russia and sweep everything clear to the North Sea and the Channel, England would not be safe for a day. It is to avert the possibility of such a blow at her very life that she has been seeking good understandings with France and Russia, and straining her financial resources in order to out-build the German navy. The feeling in England that, now that the fated hour has struck, it would be folly to hold back, will surely be so strong and urgent that, in our opinion, it is bound to decide the issue with the Government. How vital its decision is considered in Germany, may be judged by the enormous and unprecedented bids which the Berlin Foreign Office has made to England in order to induce her to remain neutral.

The military rôle which England may fill in the war is plainly indicated. She may send an expeditionary force to Belgium, but this could play only a small part in the land operations, where millions of men will shortly be engaged. It is British command of the sea that will be the fearful make-weight thrown against Germany. The German navy, in the face of the combined English and French fleets, will be either annihilated or bottled up. This may easily be in the long run the decisive element in the struggle. France would be nerved by the assured English naval support to endure initial disasters to her army, if they should come, and to fight desperately on the defensive. So would Russia. And England, once in the fight, would never rest until German sea-power was forever broken.

Italy's attitude respecting her obligations under the Triple Alliance may be based upon remembrance of a saying by Metternich. There was talk of an alliance between England and Austria, and Metternich was asked if it might not be a good thing. He replied: "Certainly. So might an alliance between a man and a horse. But it is important to know which is the man and which is the horse." Italy has made it pretty plain that she has no idea of offering herself as a horse for her ancient oppressor, Austria, to ride off on.

A most dramatic index of French unification in the face of danger is furnished by the simultaneous addition to the Cabinet of two "strong men" of the Republic, one of them the most unrelenting political opponent of President Poincaré, and each at one time a bitter enemy of the other. Théophile Delcassé was Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time of the Morocco incident, and in that humiliating moment was sacrificed to Germany. Shoulder to shoulder with him is now placed Georges Clemenceau, whose Ministry, it is interesting to remember, fell in 1909, primarily through the vindictive attacks of Delcassé upon the naval administration. The heated debate, following the latter's exposure of irregularities and inefficiency, began with a speech of Clemenceau's upon the inappropriateness of attack from the man responsible for the country's defenceless condition in 1905, and ended with a declaration by Delcassé that the shame was not at all his, but that of those whose criticism had frightened France into her shrinking attitude. The time has come when quarrels are forgotten, and the two men can employ their abilities and experience with a single mind.

The action taken by the New York banks on Monday, authorizing the issue of clearing-house certificates, must be judged in the light of the wholly abnormal circumstances of international finance. It is a precautionary measure, adopted, as was the closing of the Stock Exchange last Friday and the arrangement on Saturday for special banknote issues, wholly because of the state of affairs in Europe. There is no panic in this country, and there is excellent reason why there should be none. Our financial situation at home stands out like a rock in the vista of other great markets submerged in the flood of the Continental war. We are not only in a sound position in our home affairs, but our position towards the European markets—holding, as we do, the largest exportable surplus of American wheat in our history, at the moment when Europe's need of it is paramount—is of unusual strength. With a serious shortage in this season's European yield of grain as a whole, with the world's stored reserves last month 29,000,000 bushels below the figure of 1913, with the Australian, Indian, and South American harvests not due until next winter, and with several European countries provided with only three or four weeks' supply in hand, Europe will be compelled to buy our wheat, and to find the way to pay for it and transport it. We are inclined to doubt if a neutral state, in time of war, has ever been placed in so peculiarly advantageous a situation.

Nevertheless, the complete derangement of Europe's own finance, the blockade of the foreign exchange market, and the official postponement of collection of indebtedness in European markets with which New York's financial relations are intimate, could not fail to cause the greatest confusion and embarrassment on our own money market. In what way this part of the situation will be straightened out, it is not easy at the moment to say; but pending the adjustment that must be made in that quarter, the adoption of all necessary precautions in advance is entirely wise. The duty of our bankers is to confront the situation without any sign of fright on their own account. The part which the people at large will be called upon to play is to accept philosophically such temporary inconvenience as Europe's troubles may occasion in their banking arrangements, and to recognize the great underlying strength and soundness of the American position. We shall presently learn what it really means to be a self-supporting industrial, agricultural, and commercial state, at a time when the rest of the world is going to war, and when the fighting nations must

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depend for their subsistence on the supplies of foodstuff which we are better able than ever before in our history to spare for them.

We find it hard to believe that the proposed legislation at Washington throwing open American registry to foreign vessels will succeed in its purpose. Its desirability no one can question; everything must be attempted to relieve the frightful stagnation of the Atlantic trade which is upon us, and to aid what may soon be starving Europe as well as warring Europe. But the difficulty seems to be that, under the Declaration of London, belligerents may disregard anything that is obviously a temporary transfer of nationality during war. Thus the sudden appearance on the high seas of the Imperator or Vaterland flying the American flag, but manned by their German crews, would not for a moment be respected by British cruisers. What is required is a *bona-fide* transfer of foreign ships to American owners, not for a few thousand dollars, but for their entire value. Even if foreign owners should be willing to sell at present, would American capital be forthcoming under these speculative conditions? When the ships are transferred, American navigation laws will apply, considerably increasing the cost of operation. More hopeful is the report from Washington that the leaders of both parties are of the opinion that this is just the time to revise all our shipping laws and to deal with the whole question of the revival of our merchant marine. That it needs scientific attention is as true as the fact that it has long been abominably neglected and hampered by utterly antiquated laws.

The chairman of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts makes a statement for which the terrible word "reactionary" is none too strong. It is that there will be no Committee slate in the Republican primaries. "Perhaps I am unduly sensitive on the subject," he says, "but I don't want any Republican aspirant for office to feel that he is not going to have a fair chance to get a nomination at the hands of the party." He goes so far as to admit that he likes to see candidates coming into the field. "It is a healthy sign," he thinks. Now, this kind of talk might have done very well once, but it has been rendered obsolete by the custom of the Progressives in putting their State Committee behind a candidate long before the primary. Possible rivals submit their claims in an almost formal way, and abide by the decision of the central body. Does not everybody know that Joseph Walker is to be the Progressive nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, although other candidates are whispered about? What kind of contest is there in Illinois over the selection of the Progressive nominee for the high office of United States Senator? Who will be found to have nominated the Progressive candidates for Governor of New York, Senator from the same State, and all the other important places on the ticket? Primaries are too uncertain. In the slate is the hope of anti-bossism.

Not amalgamation, but a quiet bolting of the ticket, is the weapon held in reserve by Illinois Democrats in case Roger Sullivan wins the nomination for Senator. One by one his opponents have been withdrawing from the race, in order that the fight against him may be concentrated behind a single leader. The latest to take himself out of the contest made this significant statement:

> The progressive Democrats of Illinois want a chance to beat Mr. Sullivan with a candidate whose success will insure the end of bossism in Illinois. If they are not given this chance, they will take another means of destroying the Democratic end of the Sullivan-Lorimer partnership. They will allow Sullivan to be nominated, and in November they will discipline the political leadership in the Democratic party in Illinois by selecting a Progressive United States Senator.

Another of these anti-Sullivan candidates who had also withdrawn spent a day on Beveridge's campaign train and had a conference with Medill McCormick. It is even reported that Joseph E. Davies, Commissioner of Corporations and secretary of the National Democratic Committee, has abandoned his support of Sullivan and is quietly working in the interests of Raymond Robins, the Progressive candidate. Sullivan came to Wilson's support at a critical time at Baltimore, but Bryan has been fighting him bitterly in the *Commoner*. The Administration has nothing to gain by his election.

"Fusion in spots" is now the Colonel's slogan. This to the Progressive candidate for Governor in Maine who came to him to say that the Progressives would not compromise in Maine so long as the Republican leaders were those charged with the crime of 1912. But he went away satisfied when the Colonel explained that fusion was to be "localized" in those places only where the Republicans were willing to break with the corrupt bosses. Localization would seem to be rather an unhappy phrase, in view of what has happened to the efforts to localize Servia and Austria. The Colonel's mind is now altogether fixed on the corrupt bosses; there must be a general Continental war upon them. Curiously enough, we have heard nothing from Oyster Bay this summer about the new Nationalism, or even of that pious undertaking, the recall of decisions. This puzzles us all the more because of the statement of the 100 Indiana Progressives who bolted back to the Republicans this week, that they did so only because the Progressive party had accomplished its holy purpose and been victorious all along the line.

Penrose has been thought to have far the best chance in the Senatorial fight in Pennsylvania, but Gifford Pinchot's battle tactics must fill even the boss with doubt of the result. One day last week, for example, the Progressive candidate was at the corner of Water and Mifflin Streets, Philadelphia, at six o'clock, primed to greet 1,500 men on their way to work. These men, if we may trust the account in the *North American*, were wonderfully well informed on the political situation, for they "had all heard of Pinchot and his fight against Penrose." And the intimacies Mr. Pinchot struck up with these men whom he had never seen before! "You're the boy, Pinchot," one assured him. "You'll beat him." So it kept on all day, for the untiring candidate went from one factory to another, taking advantage of the noon hour to make an address, and standing from the middle of the afternoon until after six in the evening at the gate of a saw works, greeting the men employed there as they found time to come out in groups. At the end of the day, his managers figured that he had broken his record by shaking the hands of 2,500 of the "industrial workers" of Philadelphia. A poverty-stricken Progressive registration can hardly matter when the candidate goes out into the highways and byways and compels the voters to come in.

While the assassination of Jean Jaurès in Paris last week cannot be directly attributed to his steadfast opposition to war, it is plain that the brain of the man who shot him had been upset by the notion that the eloquent Socialist leader was somehow impairing the military strength of France. It was presumably the act of a madman which robbed the Republic of one of its most remarkable talents. Jaurès was generally regarded as the finest speaker in France. His orations in the Chamber were events. He had the port, the voice, the gesture to make his

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great flow of soul take on the appearance of classic eloquence. Not since Berryer or Gambetta had a Frenchman risen to fill the popular conception of a great public orator as did Jaurès. In addition, he was an indefatigable organizer, an editor, filled with the enthusiasm of his propaganda, which, in later years, took on international proportions. Whatever his mistakes and weaknesses, he was one of the intellectual forces of modern France, and to have the thin-spun thread of his life slit in this abhorrent way is a tragedy of which the sadness extends beyond the bounds of his own country.

We published recently a letter from a studious correspondent who sought to elucidate the mystery of the "Nut"—an unnatural phenomenon which suddenly appeared in London about a year ago, and in a brief career has gained immortalization in the pages of *Punch*. In America we are acquainted with the "Nut" only by hearsay. Broadway knows him not. And, if we are to believe an article in a recent issue of the London *Times*, our acquaintance with him is likely to remain vicarious. Apparently he is an exotic creature, quick to bloom, and destined as rapidly to fade, for already the *Times* declares him to be "a little past his grandeur and verging on his decadence." *Sic transit gloria Nucis*. He is destined to go the way of his predecessors, but antitheses, the beau, the macaroni, and the dandy. And so the *Times* has done a service in putting on record for the benefit of posterity, before he passes and is succeeded by another type, exactly what manner of man was the "Nut." His general appearance we know from the English comic papers. The keynote of his attire is an expensive slouchiness, and it is his earnest desire to give the impression that he has but just desisted from driving furiously over the face of the earth in a high-powered automobile. But the *Times* reveals the finer points of the "Nut." It is, for instance, of the utmost importance to know that such is his desire to curtail space and time that "that which to slower men is absolutely impossible he regards merely as 'abso. imposs.'" And we first learn from the *Times* that it has been reserved for the female "Nut" to abandon the time-honored expression "my aunt!" for the more daring expletive, "my godmother!" Could "nuttiness" be more nutty?

"The day of the war correspondent is gone." So telegraphs a war correspondent, Dr. Dillon, from Vienna. He knows that he would not be allowed to go to the front, or to send any reports at all on military operations. Truly the day of Forbes and Burleigh, not to go back to "Bull Run" Russell, is gone. Never again will army commanders give a free run of their headquarters to "chiels" taking notes to be incontinently printed. The change from the old times, for which the reasons are obvious, has been slow in coming, but is now almost complete. Grim soldiers like Kitchener never had any love for newspaper correspondents, though he was forced to tolerate such a man as G. W. Steevens both in the Sudan campaign and in the South African. Our own war with Spain showed a relapse from the growing practice, and seemed, as everybody remembers, to be waged by and for the newspapers. The Japanese, in their war with Russia, kept the correspondents at a safe and inglorious distance; and by the time the last Balkan war came along, the shutdown was complete. The military argument for it is convincing. In informing the public, the newspaper informs the enemy; consequently nothing must be published until long after the event, and then only in a form agreeable to the army authorities. This may seem hard on the press, and also on a news-eager public, but it is war.

The extension of the Ford profit-sharing plan to include customers as well as employees is not the first instance of the kind in this country. In 1905, the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company of St. Louis, makers of engines and boilers, after an experience of nine years of sharing their gains with their employees, announced that profits above 6 per cent., which would be regarded as interest on the capital, would be divided in the proportion of 1 per cent. on wages and salaries and 1½ per cent. to customers, this last amount being distributed to individuals in accordance with the gross profits on their purchases. Two years ago the percentages on wages and salaries and gross profits were made equal. Mr. Ford's plan differs from this one in setting aside specific sums to be returned to customers as rebates in case the sales amount to 300,000 cars for the year; and the size of the rebate is the same regardless of the price of the car. A greater difference between the plans is that the Ford Company makes its award in the form of cash, while the Nelson firm gave its customers stock, upon which they received dividends, and consequently acquired a voice in the management of the concern. The extent to which this process has been carried is shown by the fact that the shares thus obtained by employees and customers now comprise two-thirds of the company's stock. Employees and customers are represented on the board of directors. Incidentally, it may be noted that, while the employees have been and are free to join any labor union, none of them have done so, with the exception of fifteen or twenty in one department.

The opening last week of the Cape Cod Canal deserves far more attention than it has received. The colossal undertaking at Panama, and such gigantic engineering feats as the bringing of water from the Catskills to New York city, with their hundreds of millions of expenditure, naturally overshadow an enterprise which has cost but twelve millions of dollars and has been marked by nothing remotely as interesting as a Culebra Cut. Yet it is a most useful and praiseworthy undertaking. No government subsidy has aided it; no State or Federal credit has been drawn upon, nor a single "pork barrel" opened for it. It is precisely the kind of enterprise in which Americans used to take their greatest pride—one initiated and carried out by individual daring and enterprise, financed by private investors, constructed with consummate skill and remarkable speed, without any scandal—a monument, in brief, to Yankee foresight and skill.

News that the administration of Denver has cost $100,000 more in the first year of commission government than under the mayoralty system has been heralded as a fact of decisive importance regarding the comparative merits of the two methods of government. Of course, it proves nothing at all. Commission government may turn out to be more expensive for Denver than the mayoralty system, or it may not. One year shows nothing whatever. The same thing happened with Trenton in its first year of commission government. But what was the reason? Not that the new form of administration was extravagant, but that any form of government would have had to meet certain obligations incurred by previous governing bodies. These disposed of, the cost of governing Trenton fell, not merely to the old level, but below it. Whether this improvement was due to the new system or only to better management, or to both, cannot be said offhand. But until her commission government has been in operation for considerably more than a year, any conclusions based merely upon an increase in Denver's expenses must be valueless.

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THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR WAR.

Germany, having grasped her sword, has proceeded to lay about her with a high hand. Her entrance into Luxembourg, her invasion of Belgium—both of which have had their neutralization solemnly guaranteed by the European Powers, Germany included—were the directest kind of challenge to England, and there was never any doubt as to how it would be answered. By this action Germany has shown herself ready to lift an outlaw hand against the whole of Western Europe. It is not simply that she has stood as one prepared to violate international compacts. Treaties go crashing to the earth in time of war, and the German authorities may plead military necessity. But the ultimate purposes, the enormous stakes for which the Emperor has hazarded all, have not been concealed. If Germany could beat the armies of both France and Russia, with England remaining aloof, she would attain not only the hegemony of all Europe, but complete dominance. She would seize Belgium and Holland and present a formidable front on the North Sea. By means of these latent threats, the Emperor William has, as it were, put himself in the position of the first Napoleon. If a coalition against his overweening pretensions did not exist, it would have to be invented.

Luxembourg in 1914 recalls Luxembourg in 1867. At that time it was Napoleon III who was planning to take possession of the Duchy. Gen. Moltke wished to seize the occasion to make war upon France. But Bismarck put his veto on the plan. Moltke pledged his word that the Prussians could beat the French. War was bound to come sooner or later, so why not force it at once? Bismarck refused. He said that he did not believe in the policy of anticipatory or "preventive" wars. Moreover, and this was his real reason, Prussia could not be sure that an unprovoked attack on France would not create military alliances against her too powerful to be overcome. So he contented himself for the moment with checkmating Napoleon III by making public the secret treaties of offensive and defensive alliance with the South German kingdoms, and by bringing about the London conference that neutralized Luxembourg. But in those days there was a great statesman at Berlin, imposing his will upon the King. To-day we have a feeble Chancellor entirely overridden by the Emperor. Kaiser Wilhelm has, indeed, dropped the pilot!

The German Emperor protests that he has been "forced" into war by his "envious enemies." Of this history will judge. By the light we have at present, this at least is clear, that if Emperor William did not directly cause and desire the war, he at least failed to prevent it when it would have been easy for him to do so. The proof of this lies upon the surface of events, as one reads their succession in the European press. There was nowhere in Europe the stunned surprise of the United States at the sudden rise of the spectre of war. There the danger was instantly visible. It was felt to be acute at the moment of the presentation of the rough Austrian note to Servia. Everybody at once jumped to the conclusion that the move had been made with Germany's privity and consent. The German Foreign Office did not deny it, though it gave out a statement to the effect that, while it had been aware in general of the "scope" of the Austrian demand on Servia, it was not to be understood as approving the violent language in which it was couched. So there was such a thing as Austria stamping her big boots too noisily for even a Prussian Junker! But the point to watch was St. Petersburg. There the Austrian affront to Servia caused extreme emotion. An extraordinary Council of Ministers was at once called, and at its close the public was informed: "Ministers are unanimously agreed that Austria-Hungary has thrown down a challenge to Russia, and that, in M. Sazonoff's words, there could be only one answer."

All Europe saw at once in this a threat of war to which no country could set a limit. Then it was that the English Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, going straight to the core of the matter, addressed his appeal to the German Emperor. He besought Emperor William to join with England in immediately calling a Congress of the Powers to deal with the differences between Austria and Servia, and so prevent war. After a day's deliberation, the Kaiser declined the offer. He still professed to desire peace and to be working for it earnestly; but whether he was sincere or not, the fact is now plain that his refusal of the British plan was fatal. It is idle to speculate on his motives. But the conclusion cannot be escaped that he either made a gross miscalculation of the diplomatic situation, and was completely deceived as to his own power to bluff Russia off again, or else that he deliberately chose a path which he knew could issue only in war.

Either way, it was a decision big with fate. The human mind cannot yet begin to grasp the consequences. One of them, however, seems plainly written in the book of the future. It is that, after this most awful and most wicked of all wars is over, the power of life and death over millions of men, the right to decree the ruin of industry and commerce and finance, with untold human misery stalking through the land like a plague, will be taken away from three men. No safe prediction of actual results of battle can be made. Dynasties may crumble before all is done; empires change their form of government. But whatever happens, Europe—humanity—will not settle back again into a position enabling three Emperors—one of them senile, another subject to melancholia, and the third often showing signs of disturbed mental balance—to give, on their individual choice or whim, the signal for destruction and massacre.

THE MILITARY PREPAREDNESS.

Forecasts as to what may happen, now that all Europe has decided to halt the progress of civilization by going in for wholesale murder on a more terrible scale than the world has yet witnessed, would be utterly futile. The magnitude of the forces involved staggers the imagination; beside them the armies of the Napoleonic era fade into insignificance. The Germans call the "Battle of the Nations" that which was fought at Leipzig by about 425,000 men in 1813. The German standing army to-day alone comprises 700,000 men; about 1,800,000 will be under arms by the end of this week, with 1,500,000 more available as a final resort and for guarding communications. These are, if anything, underestimates; it is believed that actually the turn-out will be larger. The very numbers to be called out in every country will enormously increase those economic factors which have so much to do with the outcome of any prolonged struggle. Modern war is infinitely more costly and destructive than that of any other period of history, and the question of finance must indubitably play a greater part than ever before.

It is, however, possible to sum up somewhat accurately general military conditions among the various nations which have been drawn into the conflict. Thus, it is not often that so frank a criticism of a neighbor's army appears anywhere as that which has just been printed by the *Militär Wochenblatt*, in regard to Russia. This official German military organ can hardly conceal its contempt for the Czar's forces. It points out that Russia never yet won a victory over an army of equal strength, and would not have defeated Turkey in 1877 without the aid of Rumania. The five new Russian army

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corps which were supposed to have been created after the Japanese disaster do not exist, says this authority. There is certainly no reason whatsoever to suppose that the morale of the Czar's troops, their leadership, and their armament have been in the slightest degree improved since the Manchurian campaign. The reorganization of the Russian navy has likewise made almost no progress. What new ships have been added to the fleet are manned by the same kind of officers and men who proved so utterly ineffective in the fleet of Rozhestvensky. True, in fighting at home the Russians will have marked advantages as compared with their campaign in Manchuria, where one long, for the most part single-track, railway line connected them with their base of supplies. It is not likely that if they attack Germany they can get far across the border; in all probability they will be fighting on defensive lines. It is not impossible that their best tactics will be those which proved so fatal to Napoleon. They are certainly not on a par with their neighbors to the east.

As for the German army, the *Militär Wochenblatt* boasts that Germany can "contemplate the gravest events with entire equanimity, with confidence in God and in her own strength." Whether this confidence does not perilously border on over-confidence is one of the questions that can be answered only by the arbitrament of war. But there are foreign observers, and some German critics as well, who feel that the Kaiser's army has not only too great confidence in itself, but that it has not profited by the lessons of the Boer War and the Manchurian campaign. In the annual manœuvres conditions have constantly arisen which would have meant the wiping out of large masses of troops in actual hostilities. There have been cavalry charges as hopelessly futile in conception as that of the French cavalry at Sedan. The Germans have only just adopted a modern campaign uniform for all troops, similar to the khaki of Great Britain and the United States, but of a light gray color; so recently has this been decided upon that it is doubtful whether the whole army can be supplied with it in time to discard the uniforms of 1870, the helmet and heavy blue and red coats of the Prussian infantry, for instance, which were such shining targets from Worth and Gravelot to Paris. But it is undeniable that the *Manneszucht* of the Germans, the discipline of the individual soldier, stands as high to-day as ever; and that, whatever its moral defects, the corps of officers is more enterprising, hard working, and professionally zealous than that of any other nation. It is a singular coincidence that this national crisis finds at the head of the General Staff another Von Moltke. Has he his uncle's talent? Are there other great leaders? Upon this depends, after all, the outcome; as France showed in 1870, superb individual prowess, and the gallantry of whole army corps, count for nothing if the leaders blunder.

As to France, there can be no two opinions that the army as a whole is in vastly better condition than when it faced the Prussian army in 1870. And yet it has only recently received a bad black eye. The General Inspector of the Fortifications Artillery wrote to the War Minister in January, 1914: "In forty years we have made no progress with our material." The War Minister himself admitted that, in their technical troops (railway, engineer, pioneer, etc.), the Germans were far ahead of the French. To make good the deficiencies in equipment, the Minister has just asked only one billion four hundred and eight millions of francs, this to bring the artillery up to date, to modernize the forts on the German boundaries, and to purchase any number of other supplies, including two millions of pairs of boots absolutely needed for a campaign. Even the supplies of ammunition are far from complete. The War Minister declared: "I have told the truth and would be a criminal had I portrayed the conditions otherwise." In view of what has come to pass, he may, none the less, regret the frankness of his utterances. But the *morale* of the troops is not affected by this. France cannot, of course, put into the field such numbers as Germany, but she will not be able to complain of the spirit and courage of the men. It cannot be maintained, however, that the French service is equal to the German in evenness and uniformity of training and discipline, though the average French soldier has probably greater adaptability and mental alertness than the German.

When it comes to the fleets of the various nations, the British, of course, rank first, with the Germans a good second, the Russians negligible, and the value of the French in great doubt. Both on land and on sea terrible new engines of warfare, the submarine, the dirigible, and the aeroplane, will have their first real trial, and no one can estimate what they will do to add to the horrors of the conflict. The apparent certainty that England will sooner or later be drawn in makes inevitable the greatest battles the world has yet seen, to make a mock of our Christianity, 1,900 years after the coming of the Prince of Peace.

THE RAILWAY RATE DECISION.

Obscured as it is, in the public mind, by the outbreak of European war, Saturday's decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the Eastern railways' petition for higher rates, appears to the average reader, and quite inevitably, as a matter of subordinate interest. With the stock exchanges closed, it is impossible to ascertain, through the course of prices, what the judgment of the financial community on it really is. It would no doubt be equally impossible to draw that inference if the Exchange were open, and confronted simultaneously with the news from Europe.

We are inclined to believe, however, that if the decision as it stands had been published at an ordinary time, it would not have been ill-received, even on the Stock Exchange. It concedes the main contention of the railways as to the need of larger revenues. It grants many increases in rates. On railways in certain parts of the territory covered by the application it grants the full 5 per cent. increase applied for. It therefore disposes of the argument which has created most uneasiness in the prolonged controversy over this application—the argument that the Commission was unwilling to use its authority to increase freight charges. Further than this, the opinion handed down with the decision declares unreservedly that railways operated with private capital must be subject to such regulation, in the matter of rates allowed, "as will reasonably permit a fair return on the money invested." Recognizing frankly the difficulties which confront the railways, the Commission announces it as its duty and purpose "to aid, as far as we legally may, in the effort to meet the situation."

To the railways, the disappointing aspect of the decision is that, while granting the increase to roads between western Pennsylvania and the Mississippi River, the Commission denies any increase to the railways east of that territory. Its ground for this discrimination is that, in its judgment, the Eastern lines are as a rule already "distinctly prosperous" and that, where they are not, the trouble is due to other causes than low rates; whereas the Western lines have been operating under rates which were both relatively and actually too low. These were, in fact, established during destructive "rate wars."

When the fifty railways, in May of 1913, asked for an average of 5 per cent. increase in rates, they based their petition, first, on increase in wages and taxes; secondly, on

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the ground that costly additions to facilities were needed; thirdly, on their need of funds, which, they contended, could not be raised unless freight rates were increased. The Commission agrees with the railways on all of the points thus raised, except the last. The increase actually granted will apparently add from $9,000,000 to $15,000,000 to the gross income of the lines immediately concerned, and of the roads which either operate them or participate in their rates through exchange of traffic. This approximately balances the estimated increase of $11,000,000 in operating expenses, through the series of wage increases allowed through arbitration.

Regarding the larger needs of the railways, the Commission points out how, in its judgment, earnings may be increased without increasing freight rates. It first expresses the belief that the passenger business handled by the Eastern lines is unremunerative. Admitting that in many instances unprofitable passenger rates are due to "fares fixed by statutes in certain States," it holds that, if the railways reconstruct their accounts so that the public can be informed as to the exact losses incurred in handling that branch of their business, "the people of those States will cheerfully acquiesce, as the people of New England have done, in granting reasonable increases."

It is next suggested by the Commission that "all the railroads in official classification territory examine their freight rates, rules, and regulations with the view to increasing rates that are found to be clearly unremunerative." Of these rates, many "had their origin in fierce competition for traffic, and have been continued through ignorance of the loss they entail." In the belief of the Commission, the Eastern railways can add largely to their income by doing away with special services now offered to favored shippers, such as free time for unloading or loading freight; savings can also be effected by doing away with passes and free service in the handling of private cars.

Other recommendations for similar economies are submitted. It naturally remains to see how far they are practicable, and, if so, how far they will meet the real needs of the companies. Perhaps the fairest comment on the decision as a whole is that it does not close the question of the Commission's attitude on rates, even of these Eastern railways, but leaves it open. The opinion of Saturday recognizes the Commission's duties in the matter, and their performance does not end with this decision.

THE VANISHING PROGRESSIVES.

Almost as suddenly as the war crisis has startled an unprepared world comes news from all sides of the collapse of the Progressive party. Last Thursday more than one hundred men who voted its ticket in 1912 met in Indianapolis to announce their return to the Republican fold. Some of them have been leaders in the new organization which was to regenerate America, but are now ready to renew their old allegiance. The reasons for their defection no longer exist, they stated in their explanation to the press: "The organized protest against methods and men, but not against principles, was effectual. The purpose of the third party is accomplished." In their view it dies victorious. The Republican State Chairman jubilantly exclaimed that "the Progressive rank and file are with us heart and soul in support of the party of protection."

When a few Louisiana sugar Democrats placed private gain above party principle and bolted to the Progressives, Col. Roosevelt sent them telegrams of congratulation on their high-minded action. It is safe to say that he will be as silent about this defection in Indiana as he has been in regard to the similar signs from other States. Of these there have been so many as to furnish a partial explanation of his latest about-face, after all those glowing assertions that the Progressives never, never would compromise. In the old days, no one used to be a more sensitive political barometer than the Colonel; it is not beyond the range of possibility that his brilliant stroke of amalgamating on Hinman was hastened by a recognition that before so very long he may have little or nothing left to trade with. The disintegration of the party in Massachusetts must have been particularly trying to him, for, like Indiana and California, Massachusetts was a banner State. But when Mr. Charles S. Bird refused to be a candidate for Governor for the third time, the life seemed to go out of the party. It has lost its Boston newspaper; its candidate, Joseph Walker, is a weak leader, if only because he did not leave the Republican party until he had obtained everything possible from his association with it. Worst of all, the handful of rich men who have financed the Progressives have withdrawn their support, so that the managers, after a futile struggle to raise a "war fund" of $50,000, have been compelled to settle their debts at 50 cents on the dollar—rather an interesting position for a party of social justice to occupy.

In California, where Gov. Johnson denies any personal break with Col. Roosevelt, and is said to have an excellent chance for re-election, because of his accomplishments in office, the Progressive registration is less than 200,000, while twice as many Republicans enrolled. In Idaho, the Bull Moose anticipated Col. Roosevelt by endorsing the Democratic candidate for Governor. In Kansas, they are running a straight ticket with a popular editor, Henry J. Allen, as its head. But his hopeless candidacy, which practically insures the election of the present Democratic Governor, really interests nobody. From Topeka comes the report of an almost unheard-of condition of general apathy, which seems to have particularly affected Progressives. "There is," says the report, "a growing Republican confidence that, after the primaries, when the Progressives will make rather a ridiculous showing, in numbers, the new party will rapidly disintegrate." There are no contests for party nominations, and the drafted candidates decline to go out to arouse the electors. Leaders like ex-Gov. Stubbs seek to postpone the inevitable by dragging out new issues; hence a recent article of his advocating Government ownership of railways. This certainly would not appeal to the Colonel. Even in Ohio the tide is running strongly towards the Republicans, though this did not seem to be the case not long ago. In Bartholomew County, for instance, prominent Bull Moosers are seeking Republican nominations, and the prospect is that only one-fifth of the Progressive vote of 1912 will be polled this year.

In New York the Colonel's nomination of Hinman has not gone so well as appeared at first. If the ex-Senator seems to have the lead, neither District Attorney Whitman nor Job Hedges, who is very popular in certain up-State counties, gives any sign of withdrawing. There is some talk of a compromise candidate upon whom all three could agree, evidence of this being the attempt to induce Senator Root to run. The truth is that conscientious Progressives are shocked not only by the Colonel's *volte-face*, but by his open bossing of the whole party. Chairman Bird sulks in his tent. There is little enthusiasm left, if the truth be told; and it will be amusing to see how rapidly the rank and file will now return to the Republican band-wagon. Mr. Roosevelt's manœuvres to capture the Republican nomination in 1916 are certain to be the chief interest remaining in the party. Its existence will always be quoted as the most remarkable proof of a single individual's popularity and political power in our history; for the rest it bids fair to go the way of all our other

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third-party movements before two years more have passed. All of this will justify the position of those who held from the first that no new party can come into being without some one compelling moral or economic issue; that a programme of all the virtues, attractive as it may be, does not afford a sound political basis, at least when coupled with the fortunes of an ambitious self-seeker without consistency or fixed principle.

TEACHING BY MOVING-PICTURES.

To a person of old-fashioned ideas, the announcement that the Government has given its official sanction to the use of moving-pictures in schools must be somewhat of a shock. What is to become of a country that reverses the order of nature by making the hours that should be most miserable in the life of a child among the most attractive? Yet the Department of Education has no doubts in the matter. "Within the next decade," it prophesies, "the moving-pictures will be the indispensable adjunct of every teacher and educational lecturer. On the public platform the cinematograph will inevitably have its recognized place, and it may even invade the pulpit. As the attention and interest of educators are more and more drawn to its merits, the future usefulness of the educational cinematograph bids fair to surpass the predictions of its most sanguine advocates." Such an utterance from such a source is emphatic testimony to the rapidity with which the most popular invention of our day is passing from the stage of mere novelty. Indeed, a series of "scientific pictures" is now a regular part of the programmes of the best motion-picture theatres.

The range of films already available for educational purposes is very wide. Aeronautics, archæology, chemistry, forestry, geography, history, hydraulics, music, physics, seismology—one could go through the alphabet. Even the highest abstractions of pure reasoning will some day doubtless be photographed for the man in the street. At present there are certain difficulties in the way of the ordinary school and the ordinary teacher. With such a list of subjects at command, there would seem to be nothing to prevent every school-room from having its share of moving-pictures, but in many cases the commercial spirit has rendered films undesirable for such use. For instance, some makers have short-sightedly had their names conspicuously displayed in the films. Then many films contain more than one subject, so that between a series of illustrations in ornithology and one depicting the story of Hiawatha, may be a set of love scenes that illustrate nothing except the demand of the typical audience for variety. A more serious obstacle is the limited number of educational films obtainable. The slow financial return from these pictures has led manufacturers to produce them in small quantities, so that when a teacher wants a particular series of pictures he may be unable to get them until it is too late for them to be of the best service.

In New York, and in some other places as well, another obstacle is the provisions of the laws regarding licenses and precautions against fire. A school wishing to have an exhibit of moving-pictures must construct a special booth of fireproof material. These difficulties have led some institutions, especially universities, to make their own films, and to arrange a system of exchange of films. Wisconsin, with characteristic enterprise, has organized a film service for the whole State, and is sending moving-pictures to every district, town, and city in circulating-library fashion. Nor are all the pictures meant for the children. Approved methods of physical exercise for pupils are shown to teachers by the same means, and thus in a few minutes they learn what by any other method not only would require much more time, but would not be so intelligible. Despite this activity, however, the educational use of moving-pictures is in its infancy. This is shown by the care that must be exercised to avoid pictures that convey a false impression. The temptation to heighten the dramatic element in historical scenes is often yielded to, with the result that pupils have to ask which is correct—the book or the pictures.

The dangers in this development are as evident as the benefits. One of the chief reasons advanced for the use of moving-pictures in schools is that the eye grasps facts more quickly than the ear. Yet one of the objections to our educational methods is that they appeal almost entirely to the eye already. A deeper one, in the minds of some persons, is the impetus that this use of moving-pictures will give to the idea of making school-work entertaining at all cost. These objections really lie against the over-use or the misuse of such pictures rather than against all such use. If history or literature can be made more vivid and impressive by more in the way of pictorial representation than we have been accustomed to, the opportunity certainly ought to be seized. Educators will surely be capable of guarding against a superficial treatment of such studies, or the substitution of pictures for thinking. In the field of science, the innovation is less open to question. The universal acceptance of the laboratory system gives sanction to reproductions by camera of the processes employed, although here, too, no one will favor substitution of seeing for doing.

NOVELIZED HISTORY.

For some time in France the novel has suffered serious competition from the historical and biographical memoir. This is due, no doubt, to the taste for the "document" cultivated in their readers by the leaders of the last great school of French fiction. From the document incorporated in the work of art to the document presented by itself or made the basis of a special monograph is, after all, but a step; and if the novelists are now at a disadvantage from this phase of public taste, they have only themselves to blame for it. Perhaps, however, they suffer more in their artistic pride than in their pocketbooks. For the new *genre* is one to which they can readily turn without much change in their habits of composition. The character of many of the works which now appear in such quantities is such that it is not difficult to imagine that they are written by men who are novelists by predilection and training, so much do they ordinarily tend to emphasize the romantic, sentimental, or even sensational aspects of their subjects.

At first confined to France, this new literary movement has spread to England and America, and already is beginning to have, no longer merely translations of French works, but works by native writers based upon French models. There is now such a demand for these books that the inquirer will learn from the clerks in any leading bookshop that, with certain classes of readers, they have quite displaced the novel. Probably the only thing that keeps them from an even wider popularity at present, and thus far constitutes an even greater menace to fiction, is the fact that they are published at prices two or three times higher than fiction. Even so, almost as many counters are stacked with the opulent octavos containing *réchauffés* of royal and literary love-affairs, as are allotted to the twelvemos enshrining the chaste inventions of our most popular novelists. Just why there should be this differentiation in format between the two "best-selling" classes of to-day is not quite clear, unless it is that the publishers, not altogether sure at the start of the success of the innovation, sought to indemnify themselves for a small sale by

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a large profit per volume. It is certain that it is only by means of a specially large type and "padding" that these works get their present imposing appearance. Doubtless it is only a question of time before some publisher, realizing the larger opportunity which awaits him, will reduce the size, eliminate much of the decoration, and make an appeal to the larger novel-reading public. Then let fiction look to its laurels.

Perhaps, too, this same publisher will make another innovation, namely, in the choice of subjects. It is interesting to note that, till now, even in those works that are written by Frenchmen, French themes have largely predominated. This is owing partly to the fact that the *genre* itself is French, and partly to the superior savoriness of French political and literary history. So far, the Napoleonic era has not unnaturally attracted the greatest number of writers, and we have had scores of volumes, not only about the Emperor of the French himself, but about his sisters, brothers, marshals, and other functionaries. The *ancien régime* and the Restoration followed close behind, with particular attention to royal mistresses. When the principal personages of any period are exhausted, the minor characters appear and are made to replay their small parts. Often these are rescued from utter oblivion, and it argues no slight measure of ingenuity on the part of the authors to have disinterred them at all, not to mention the feat of expanding their obscure lives to the scope of special monographs.

The French supply has so far sufficed, with a little assistance, mainly from Italian sources. But in view of the rate of consumption it might be well for the provident author to look afield for fresh subject-matter. This exists ready to hand. English kings also had mistresses. Even America might furnish its quota of "fascinating" personalities, and although the greater sternness of republican morals might offer some obstacles, still our simpler courts and salons have had their beauties, who were also not without their rôle in politics. Is it possible that in this country the royal *cachet* is necessary in order to render a brilliant social or political career interesting? We are still hoping to see printed in gold on the backs of splendid volumes bound in light pink and delicate lavender such inspiring titles as: "Dainty Dolly Madison," "The Mother of Her Country and Her Times," "The Récamier of the American Republic," "The Love Affairs of Alexander Hamilton," and, best of all, "Ten Wicked Women of the White House."

Foreign Correspondence

THE EVE OF WAR IN VIENNA—THE EFFECT ON THE FINANCIAL MARKET—STATEMENTS ON THE SITUATION.

VIENNA, July 19.

Not since the famous "Black Saturday" on the Vienna Stock Exchange—November 9, 1895, when conditions at Constantinople suddenly seemed to threaten a European war—has there been such a panic in this market as that which began ten days ago, and which, during half of that period, has involved a most extraordinary collapse. Prices, day by day, went on falling from the moment of the Bourse's opening until its close; indeed, trading continued on the street after each day's closing, so that the opening at noon on the following day found prices far below the last official quotation of the Bourse.

This time, there is no doubt whatever about the cause. In the press and out of it, in public discussion, in inspired Ministerial statements, the fact is being daily more firmly established that Servia's attitude can no longer be tolerated by Austria-Hungary. The judicial examination on the murderous outrage of Sarajevo has had to be carried on with utmost severity, and, though the results are kept secret, some news passed through the closed doors—military authorities taking care that it should do so, in order that the public might not be taken by surprise, and also because indignation must be maintained at boiling point.

No doubt is felt here that the origin of the crime has been traced to Servia. The conspirators had dwelt in Belgrade, the bombs and revolvers, and the poison for the perpetrators' suicides, came from Belgrade, and all the persons concerned were in one way or another connected with Servia—some of them with the Servian army itself. These facts alone were sufficient to alarm the Bourse, and to inspire it with very well-grounded fears. The newspapers have not been reticent; they have painted the Servians quite as black as this deplorable affair admitted.

Next, one after another, the utterances of responsible persons have been quoted and discussed. The Hungarian Premier, though he declared that the time for speaking out had not yet come, said in terse words: "Affairs between us and Servia must be cleared up!" The Vienna Foreign Office, though exceedingly reserved—as is the way with Count Berchtold, that avowed despiser of public opinion—has not denied that the situation is grave, that Austria will *this time* certainly insist upon satisfaction of its just demands. And now the Servian Prime Minister, M. Pasics, has taken to speaking his mind.

To a German journalist this statesman said, referring to Panslavism and a Greater Servia: "*Time* is doing our business; we have no need to conspire"; and to an American he remarked: "The murders of Sarajevo have interrupted our work of twenty years for the promotion of Panslavism; we are the greater sufferers, not Austria-Hungary." Imagine the effect of such utterances on the highly strung, nervous Bourse, which is anxiously watching, while quotations fall from low figures to lower figures still, to depths that nobody would have believed possible as recently as three weeks ago. To-day, Sunday, the *Neue Freie Presse*, always the most impressive and conservative organ of all, describes the horrors, the waste, and the tremendous consequences of a big war, which Austria has been spared during fifty years. We shall no doubt see the result of this publication on 'Change to-morrow.

Last Wednesday, July 15, there was a respite; quotations ceased falling, and some even began to recover. This lasted until Saturday, when M. Pasics's voice was heard for the first time, and the hopes which had been entertained with regard to Servia were extinguished. The improvement had not been due to any great lessening of the fears entertained, but to the fact that the large number of persons who have lately been too much intimidated to invest, and who own big balances at their bankers', took advantage of the ruinous prices of securities, seeing their way, as they thought, to profitable investment. This naturally caused quotations to rise; and speculators on the fall, to whom a part of the general déroute must be attributed, were stopped in their endeavors to provide themselves with the stocks they needed at ruinous prices.

The number of firms and private individuals who have in these five days suffered losses from which they cannot recover cannot be ascertained. Those who speculate through their bankers, and have deposited about one-third of the sum speculated with, as is the custom in this country, have had to pay up on the very day when quotations were lowest, and have no doubt, in many instances, looked ruin in the face. One man, the head of a firm of brokers, preferred death to the shame of insolvency and killed himself by opening the tap of his bedroom chandelier. He left a letter saying he could not survive the losses incurred during the week on 'Change.

This fateful week begins with the announcement that the Austro-Hungarian Government is about to send the much-discussed note to Belgrade. When that comes, we shall see what is to be the attitude of the great European markets in regard to it, what will be the Servian answer, and what would be the larger sequel if war should break out between these two states.

ILL-CONSIDERED "PACIFICISM"—FRANCE'S AFRICAN COLONIES—A COMPARISON OF BRITISH, GERMAN, AND FRENCH METHODS OF COLONIZATION.

PARIS, July 22.

There is a danger that Pacificism and the movement towards international arbitration may come to be considered the property of certain nations—against others. Pacificism does not necessarily coincide with peace-making, nor theories of arbitration with the practice of peace. A working desire that the incalculable evils of war should be lessened, and that all mankind of every blood and color should no longer be obliged to count war among the inevitable causes of death and disease and misery, ought to be cultivated everywhere—who can doubt it? But such a desire and its working may be ill-counselled and ignore facts and feelings of whole communities of mankind, even when these are the most immediately concerned. And this would be a universal pity, for such a movement would defeat its own object.

An overwhelming impression of this danger has been made by late peace congresses and by recent controversies of Socialists among themselves and—for the French, at least—by the last Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration. The English historian

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Freeman welcomed the disasters of France in 1870 by the same cry for her utter destruction which Roman Cato raised against Carthage—"Gallia est delenda!" This may be excused by his having lived through the series of military campaigns of the Second Empire. Nowadays, since the nationalities whose union into independent states resulted from those campaigns have been making history on their own responsibility, Emperor Napoleon III may be judged less harshly. His principle of nationalities is now forever rooted in the conscious feeling of those people in whom it seems to be disregarded by pacifists and arbitrationists—although, one need not doubt, unconsciously.

The startling voice of one dead immeasurable years ago has just been heard expressing this tendency of some to-day. It is in the newly published letters of Thomas Carlyle, who cared little for peace and was capable of ranking arbitration among the Unveracities. "I believe magnanimous, pious, strong, and modest Germany is henceforth to be queen of the Continent, instead of vain, vaporing, impious, and mischievous France." On some such general principle, dispensing with any inquiry into facts or regard of human feelings or respect of blind entanglements which once done cannot be undone, too much recent talk of peace seems to have been founded. Now peace among nations is something that is only to be obtained in practice; it is quite certain that it can never come as a satisfaction of partisan and sectarian and doctrinaire theories.

Perhaps the most discouraging instance, whose actuality is strengthened by the renewal of political disputes about the Congo in connection with the present Caillaux affair, is the acceptance at the Lake Mohonk Conference of Mr. E. D. Morel's book, "Morocco in Diplomacy," without question or limitation, as an "admirable account." No suspicion seems to have been roused by the frankly and intensely partisan tone of the book; but the notorious fact should not have been ignored that no competent Frenchman or Belgian of any party is willing to accept a single fact on Mr. Morel's uncorroborated testimony, or to admit a single one of his judgments as fair or probable without further and strict sifting and examination. It is not necessary to take sides or go into detail, for which there is no space here. But it should be noted that M. André Tardieu has made very definite accusations against Mr. Morel's disinterestedness in African affairs, while his every statement has been subjected to criticism which cannot be wholly baseless. The contrast between such writing as Morel's and that of Sir Harry Johnston, whose experience and temper give a widely different competence, is another reason why would-be peacemakers should not take their opinions ready-made without proofs and on suspected authority. Still more portentous is the ignoring of the diplomatic dealings between England and France as disclosed by M. Hanotaux, who was French Foreign Minister at the time.

To come down to particulars which belong to a journal, no account seems to be made of the fact that this late and further advance of France into Africa was initiated, aided, and abetted by Bismarck, who applied his favorite phrase that neither Tunis nor Morocco—and doubtless not Madagascar, nor the Congo, nor all Indo-China—was worth the bones of a single one of his Pomeranian grenadiers. There can be no doubt that his idea was to keep France occupied far away, and so weaken her at home; and, it may be mentioned in passing, it is entirely probable that he was pleased to think the consequences would be disagreeable to England.

A more important fact which neither Morel nor whole Conferences of Peace or Arbitration can change—for it passed long ago into the inevitabilities of history—also is ignored. This is that France for nearly a century has been vitally engaged in Algiers—so that there could never be any question of allowing Germany to establish herself in Morocco under penalty of constituting another exposed frontier. For Spain, the question is different; and twenty-two years ago I had occasion to express the patriotic views and desires of Canovas del Castillo, then Spanish Premier, who had given a life's attention to Morocco. In the event, it is probable that Spain has received as much of Morocco as she can handle; but even here Germany has taken advantage of her presence to retard the construction of needed railways in the French part.

One must be very ignorant of facts either in Morocco or elsewhere in Africa to imagine that Germany has been deprived of any opportunities of colonial expansion in the English or French sense. All the efforts of Germany in Morocco were limited always to mine prospectors and commercial travellers. When she began complaining, she had no more trade there than the United States, perhaps one-tenth that of France or England. Now that Moroccan ports are filling up, international conventions allow Germans at this moment to interrupt municipal works by claiming rights and appealing to international arbitration; and they give no sign there—as they have given few or none in their own possessions—of using Africa for anything else than a trade output.

Meanwhile, if the benefit of the native populations of colonies or protectorates and their happiness in the common-sense of mortals is to be estimated, then France has nothing to fear. Where one spear of wheat grew before, she has already made a thousand grow. She has given Morocco roads and security for native marketing. I do not know that Algiers has a more dissatisfied Arab or Berber population than British India has discontented Hindus; and there is an intercommunication between the directing French and the natives which can never exist between natives and officials of English or German temper.

Sir Harry Johnston has borne witness to this. A resident British magistrate for six years between French and German colonies in Africa has described the case to me. "In my experience, the native Africans in the long run appreciate the fairness and justice of British rule, but there is no human relationship between them and the English. This is the case also in the German colonies, with the aggravation that the natives cannot endure their military ways and temper. I am obliged to say that they are happiest with the French, who associate with them as men with men, like cheery grown people with children, not standing off nor patronizing."

This is not the place to go into defects in systems and business policies, "concessions" to companies and the rest, nor to decide which nation protects most its own trade interests. But why do Arbitrationists pay no attention to the steady emigration of Africans—Kabyles, Senegalese, and so on—into the mainland of France for the harvest, mining, and all work, exactly like Italians and other Europeans? This is civilization, and peace also.

S. D.

LABOR TROUBLES IN HOLLAND—THE SOCIALIST LEADERS — PROGRESSIVE DEMANDS.

THE HAGUE, July 20.

The recent tram strike affords a good opportunity to say something about the labor movement in Holland. This movement, like every other in this country, is distributed over the usual Protestant, Catholic, and Neutral (*i. e.*, Socialistic) groups. A small group of non-socialistic, non-confessional men may safely be left alone, because in nearly every conflict they side with one of the other unions. Those who profess anarchism pure and simple also may be left out.

By far the strongest are the skilled labor unions (if I may translate the Dutch term "vakvereeniging" in that way). These unions are associated in a league which comprises far more than half of organized labor. This league in its origin and existence is socialistic, and the political leaders of the Socialist party give the orders. This does not apply only to any general labor movement, but also and more particularly to local labor conflicts.

It is obvious that most masters, while willing to deal and to discuss matters with their own men, or with their leaders, greatly resent having to negotiate with salaried members of any union which represents actually only part of their men. The laborers, however, are well aware that a salaried leader of this kind is much more independent than any employee, who may be victimized at a not very distant day under one pretext or another.

Almost interminable conflicts have resulted from this state of affairs. Rich masters and rich associations of laborers have repeatedly engaged in conflicts which have lasted for months.

Nevertheless, after the railway strike of 1903, which ended by giving the railway men a kind of semi-official status, most strikes and lockouts have been of a local character. Of late, the various transport trades and the textile branches have been among those most affected.

The growth of the influence of social-democracy has been opposed in various ways. Perhaps the most effective has been the influence of the various churches and the forming of confessional unions, all of which are led by clergymen. More in the limelight, however, were the political actions of various parties. The "Katheder-Sozialismus" (which came from Germany) has found a fertile soil here. The views of your countryman, Prof. Richard T. Ely, also exercised a great influence on the younger generation.

By the younger generation I mean the students of political economy now verging on their fortieth year, especially those who attended the Amsterdam University. To those joint influences are due a number of acts passed during recent years, all tending to protect the physical and financial interests of the laborer. A dwelling-house act, an act upon the labor contract, a dock laborers' act, an act regulating the working hours of women and children, a bill on night labor for bakers, are all of recent date. Acts dealing with insurance against accidents, old age, sickness, were completed last year, and will probably be welded into one act at an early date.

Besides all these general acts and regulations there has also been enacted a great deal of municipal legislation, and it is obvious that

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action of this kind was calculated to take a good deal of wind out of the Socialistic sails.

Thus, in order to retain their hold upon their followers, the Socialistic leaders had to adopt a course of asking too much and of continually shifting their position. As soon as it appeared likely that one of their demands was about to be granted, they increased the extent of what they had desired so as to apply the same principle to another group or trade than it was meant for originally, in order to be able to pose as the true and only friends of the laborer and of the proletariat generally.

This policy was made clear the other day. There has been a conflict in The Hague between the Hague Tramway Company, which has a monopoly of electric-rail traffic, and its men. In the first place it was a question of salary and of off hours. The company is rather undercapitalized and is earning about 16 per cent. on its capital of 1,000,000 florins. All the rest of the capital has been issued in 4 or 4½ per cent. bonds. The increase of salary and the other alterations demanded by the men would have rendered necessary an annual expenditure of about 130,000 florins out of the available dividend of 160,000 florins.

This outlay would have meant a loss to the shareholders of 13 out of their 16 per cent. annual dividend. The directors, accordingly, could not but refuse the demand as preposterous. A strike ensued, in the course of which there was shooting, stone-throwing, and menacing of the "blacklegs." In the Municipal Council the Burgomaster read a letter from the directors to the effect that they were willing to discuss reforms, an increase of salary, etc., with the local authorities.

This was not only the first, but also a very important, step towards peace, but the Socialists veered round immediately, and demanded the discussion of these reforms between the directors and the striking union. Suddenly an increase of salary, more off days, and similar concessions became of minor importance to the recognition of the General Labor Union, which took the lead over the heads of the local organizations of the tram hands.

Thus, notwithstanding the official endeavors to finish the conflict, matters have threatened to come to a standstill again, even though the most conciliatory attitude has been taken, merely because the Socialistic leaders see a moral profit in the continuation of the conflict.

Nobody suspects them of aiming at private profit—they have the amelioration of the working conditions of their followers sincerely at heart—but the tactics prevailing among them do not admit of accepting any such amelioration coming as a free gift.

Everything must be obtained—forced from the masters—under Socialistic pressure and at the demand of the workers' unions. *Nulla salus extra nos!* seems to be their ground. And it is a pity that they do not appear to realize that in similar circumstances numerous capitalists, who formerly showed their willingness to relieve their employees as much as possible, begin to refrain from doing so voluntarily and to prefer waiting till they are inevitably forced into doing it. This is to be deplored, but can hardly be wondered at.

J. H. A.

Books and Men

IMAGINARY WARS.

To mention books on imaginary wars and battles is almost sure to remind a number of your readers of "The Battle of Dorking." The very title of that sketch must have had something to do with its success, for the contrast between grim battle and the peaceful town of Dorking, principally famous for its estimable hen, caught the fancy. Sir George Tomkyns Chesney was the author, and his work appeared in *Blackwood's* in 1871. It was frequently reprinted in pamphlet form.

"The Battle of Dorking" may not have been the first account of a war of the future, but it was probably the earliest of those fictitious invasions of England by the Germans which have occupied so many writers. Its author wrote as a veteran of 1925, telling his grandchildren of the humiliation of his country in 1875, when Germany, after conquering the French, captured London and overturned the British Empire.

In spite of the interest aroused by Sir George Chesney's dismal prophecy, very few writings of this kind seem to have been published in English for the next twenty years. Since then a small library of them have appeared. Mr. H. G. Wells has pictured various frightful cataclysms, in which some draper's assistant or Cockney green-grocer is displayed in the centre of earth-shaking events. The world's peace has been menaced from Mars, and Europe has been overwhelmed by the Yellow Peril. Our Pacific Coast has fallen into the grip of little men from across the sea, and our navy has more than once been saved from destruction by some obscure inventor. Within a year, Mr. H. H. Munro, in "When William Came," established the Germans once more in London, and turned upwards the moustaches of all England.

None of the followers of the veteran of Dorking, however, were more painstaking than Mr. William Le Queux. "The Invasion of 1910," published in 1906, is a long and exceedingly interesting book. The author claims to have travelled ten thousand miles in a motor car, studying the topography of the "invaded" district. The sudden descent of the Germans during the peaceful hours of a Sunday morning in the summer, and the rush of two excited journalists to the War Office (where they are told by the care-taker that they had "better come to-morrow, sir, about eleven"), are delightfully improbable. They foreshadow the opening act of Major du Maurier's "An Englishman's Home," in which the law-abiding Briton becomes annoyed at those "Johnnies"—as he calls the invading army—who are "messing-up" his lawn, and threatens to have them arrested.

Things go very badly for England in Mr. Le Queux's novel. The Germans are on shore in a jiffy. In one place about 38,000 of them land without being seen by any one but a fisherman. There are battles and repulses. London is besieged, bombarded, and taken. Then the volunteers rally, the proud Prussian is driven forth, and the book ends not altogether happily, it is true, but with the despot's heel no longer upon the shore.

"The Great War of 189—" is perhaps the most remarkable of all these forecasts. It was published in 1893, and the authors were Rear-Admiral Colomb, Col. J. F. Maurice, R.A., Capt. F. N. Maude, Archibald Forbes, Charles Lowe, David Christie Murray, and F. Scudamore. The authors did not foresee some of the developments of international politics, notably the triple *entente* of Great Britain, Russia, and France, so we have the first of these fighting the other two in a war that also involves Germany, Italy, and a number of lesser Powers.

But many of the incidents, especially in the opening chapters, come astonishingly close to the actual events of this summer—more than twenty years after the publication of the book. Of course, it required no unusual clairvoyance to make the war break out in the Balkans. That has been the recognized danger-zone for years—"there'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring" was the constant observation of the war correspondent in "The Light that Failed." But since 1893 the storm centre has shifted twice, once to the Far East and once to Morocco. Now, and for the past two years, it has been where it was placed by the military authorities who wrote "The Great War of 189—"

Another curious coincidence is that this fictitious war has for its immediate cause the attempted assassination of a prince—Ferdinand of Bulgaria, now "Czar." His would-be assassins are urged on by "Russian intrigue," whereupon some "editorial comments" are made in an unnamed newspaper. They begin in this wise:

> It is imposible to overrate the grave significance of the attempted assassination at Samakoff, which in the light of our correspondent's telegrams would seem to be the prelude to very serious complications in the East. . . . The dramatic incident may prove to have endangered the peace of Europe. We have long familiarized ourselves with the thought that the Great War of which the world has been in constant dread for some years back, and which is to readjust the balance of the Continent, is much more likely to break out in the region of the Danube than on the banks of the Rhine, and the incident at Samakoff may well precipitate the catastrophe. . . .

Servia and Bulgaria are soon at war. Here fact refuses, in the present instance, to follow fiction. Austria invades Servia, and occupies Belgrade. There is an illustration—"Here at Last!"—the Austrian officers comfortably drinking beer and toasting one another at the outdoor cafés of the Servian capital. The facts of 1914, in this case, seem submissive to the fiction of 1893.

In the imaginary war Russia and Germany are soon fighting, and France loses little time in declaring hostilities against her old enemy. England fights France by sea, and Russia by land. There is a general mêlée, by which, in the end, nobody is much benefited—a prophecy rational enough.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

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Genius Loci

A narrow path led me along the hillside, through rows of apple trees and poplars and past a line of cedars marching monk-like down the slope. Everywhere was a smell of apples—a strong, over-ripe odor, as of a cider press in the sun; and everywhere lay ripe and over-ripe apples—on the path itself, among the weeds under the fence, and in the field, where a solitary cow was lazily eating them. Up the slope stretched a vineyard, mellowing in the heat of the sun; and from it also came a fragrance of fruit, though most of the grapes were still forbiddingly green. Between the path and the first row of vines, goldenrod was glowing in abundance, intermingled with crimson clover, in which yellow-jackets and bumble-bees revelled, and grasshoppers scraped out their strident notes. Occasionally, away up in the clattering poplars, a cicada buzzed with rising and waning fervor, and the breeze took up the indolent strain and bore it down the slope to mingle with the universal insect murmur. Adjoining the vineyard was a field of tomatoes, smooth and warm and here and there flashing in the sun; and from them, too, came an odor of fruit, heavy but wholesome.

Below the path, below the meadow in which the lone cow ate in calm oblivion of all save the apples, below the line of cedars marching down the slope, was a yellow wheat field, extending, in its opulence, far down to the brook. The brook itself was lost in the green of weeping willows, but I could see the wooden bridge, and through the opening that it made a little red church with a slate roof, and a little row of trees that led to the graveyard. And through and above this same narrow opening, I looked upon a vista of fields and hills that, in the clear air, did not cease till they were confronted by the purple mountains.

Often, in the years since the day I paused to look upon this landscape, have I returned to it, with an increasing attachment, allowing my eyes to follow that lengthening perspective all the way from the apple trees and poplars to the mountain range that set a limit to the view; my ears to hear the grasshoppers, and the cicada in the breezy poplars, and, unless my memory exceeds its function, the hollow crunch of the apples in the cow's mouth; and my Unpoetic Sense to enjoy the smells of apple, grape, tomato, clover, now mainly one and now another, and sometimes a composite of all of them mixed with I know not what additional soporific and intoxicating fragrances. Brooding on this scene, and asking myself why it so often floated into my consciousness, I came to the conclusion that, whatever the cause, it did not arise mainly from the beauty of the prospect, since many a finer landscape which I had seen had promptly melted into the dark past. Nor was it owing to the fact that the landscape was striking, that it included elements so unusual that it could not be readily forgotten.

No, it was none of these, but rather what, through lack of better knowledge, we vaguely denominate "the spirit of the place." By this term I suppose we mean a spirit, an atmosphere, a spiritual unity, which envelops a place somewhat as the feeling of the poet envelops the poem, being everywhere and yet nowhere. So we speak of this as a typical scene of the Maine coast, or that as a view typical of what Mr. Burroughs has aptly called "the flat, featureless, monotonous, cornstalk-littered Middle West"; meaning that the very spirit of the austere coast of Maine breathes in this scene, and the very spirit of the open, almost blank countenance of Illinois is magically caught and held in that view. But are we not, in defining "spirit of the place" thus, adding mystery to mystery, or, in part, finding mystery where none is? Indeed, one of our writers on nature has become obsessed with the idea that "each locality" has "a personality of its own," an idea to which he has already devoted a pair of lengthy books, and since the supply of personalities that might be celebrated is well-nigh inexhaustible, one hesitates to think of what may be in store for us. There is no need of annihilating the phrase "spirit of the place," but there is need (if no other, the unwritten volumes suggest one) of arriving at a more tangible conception of what we mean when we use it.

It is pretty clear that the idea of a spiritual unity is insufficient. An amusing, but not uncommon, illustration of the uncertainties involved occurred the other day when, with a friend, I was looking at an exhibition of landscape paintings. We paused before an admirable picture of a red sawmill, before which ran a curving road, and behind which rose a high hill or low mountain. I could not help thinking of just such landscapes which I had seen in Pennsylvania many a time, and I am afraid was about to give utterance to my thoughts when my friend remarked: "Do you know, that's got the very spirit of New England? Remarkable how he caught it—it's exactly like a certain place I've seen near my wife's old home." Almost the only safe conclusion to be drawn from these remarks was that my friend had been in New England.

After all, do we not, in using the phrase "spirit of the place," have in mind, not a subtile element which covers the whole scene as the glass covers a water-color, but a combination of characteristic details? To me, that red sawmill stood in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, because, in the valley of the Juniata, I had seen hills of just the height and sky-line, and roads swinging with just the curve, that I beheld in the picture. To my friend, the sawmill stood in central Massachusetts, because it resembled a red barn he had seen there. We were both wrong, of course, since the painting did not contain enough characteristic details to be typical of any place. As for the landscape that I described at the outset, that has lingered in my memory so long, I am inclined to think, because, combining magically a large number of characteristic details, it *is* typical of a certain place which I once knew well, and has, consequently, a significance that it would not have if it were a random collection of details. The apple trees, the tall poplars, the line of cedars, the vineyard and tomato field, the weeping willows down by the brook, the little church and church-yard, the wave on wave of field and hill terminated by that alien range—all these characteristic details, when seen collectively, produce that sense of locality which we roughly call "the spirit of the place"; they become, so to speak, articulate, having a power of expression denied to many another landscape of the same countryside. The larger the number of these characteristic details, or the more unusual the details, the less the danger of confusing one spirit with another. If, in the case of the landscape above, I omitted several characteristic details, or if I omitted only one so peculiar to the place as the weeping willows, the possibility of reminding the much-travelled reader of quite dissimilar scenes would be greatly enhanced.

That it is these characteristic details that count is perhaps corroborated by the true sense of the phrase for which "spirit of the place" is a loose equivalent—*genius loci*. Properly, by *genius loci* we mean, nothing so delightfully vague as a spiritual aroma, but a concrete presiding spirit, such as the traditional snake. Thus we speak of the loon as the *genius loci* of a Northern lake, or the cañon wren as the *genius loci* of the gorges of Arizona, or the white pine as the *genius loci* of New England. In singling out in this manner one bird or tree or flower to epitomize the whole place, we are confessedly arbitrary, since we might just as well, perhaps, choose a different *genius*. The early summer meadow of New York State, for example, might be represented equally well, among the birds alone, by the bobolink, the meadowlark, the grasshopper sparrow, and the vesper sparrow. Each of these is an intimate part of the whole, and could therefore appropriately symbolize the whole. How intimate, through the faculty of association, is the relation between the characteristic detail and the whole, is comprehended by every one who has seen a wild creature, a *genius loci*, in a place that was foreign to it—like the scarlet tanager I once saw hiding from the amazed stare of a cluster of sparrows in the heart of a city. An interesting example of the power of the symbol to carry with it into alien surroundings the surroundings proper to it, was recently mentioned in a letter to the London *Times*. The writer remarked that he never smells the gorse when in full bloom on a hot summer's day without having a vivid memory of the sights and sounds of the beautiful South Sea Islands, owing to the fact that the odor of the gorse is the same as that of the copra, or drying cocoanut—an odor characteristic of those islands. In a somewhat similar way, my scarlet tanager brought me a vision of green woodland peace. It seems, indeed, worth while to know geniuses.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

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Civil War Literature

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

IV.

In dealing with the long diplomatic career of Lord Lyons* as a whole, Lord Newton is naturally most attracted to that portion of it in which he himself to an extent participated—the later experience of his chief as Ambassador of Great Britain at Paris during the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, and the long period of unrest and uncertainty which succeeded thereto; for Lord Lyons's tenure of the office covered the twenty memorable years between 1867 and 1887. In making such use of the large mass of American material at his service as commended itself to his sense of literary proportion, Lord Newton has manifestly felt under a certain constraint as respects the experiences of Lord Lyons. America being to him an unknown diplomatic quantity, the biographer seems to stand in a somewhat unnecessary apprehension of a still surviving sensitiveness. His sense of the humor of a situation at times, however, happily dominates. So we are now favored, again confidentially, with this really droll illustration of the difference resulting from the point of view. It affords what the late Horace Greeley would have termed "mighty interestin' readin'," when taken in connection with the memoirs of Mr. Gideon Welles. It very freshly describes a somewhat surprising conception which at one time seems to have obtained lodgment in the mind of the Secretary of State, but to which reference will in vain be sought in our own historical material, including the three solid volumes, "Service in Washington." Lord Newton says:

> In August, 1863 [a month, be it observed, after the Gettysburg crisis] a somewhat surprising proposal came from Mr. Seward. In a confidential conversation with Lord Lyons he expatiated upon the necessity of reviving a better feeling between Great Britain and the United States, and of making some demonstration calculated to produce the desired effect. England, he said, had made such a demonstration before the war by the visit of the Prince of Wales, which had been productive of the happiest results. Now it was the turn of the United States to make a corresponding display of goodwill, but it was difficult to devise the means of doing so, as the President could not travel, and America possessed no Princes. Would Lord Lyons think the matter over?

The latter, having duly reflected, expressed the opinion that there was no real hostility to the United States in England, although there was undoubtedly a certain amount of sympathy with the South, and that consequently there was no necessity to take any extraordinary step. Mr. Seward, however, having returned to his suggestion of making some counter demonstration in the nature of the visit of the Prince of Wales. . . .

> "The only conjecture I can make," wrote Lord Lyons, "is that he thinks of going to England himself. He may possibly want to be absent for some reasons connected with the presidential contest. If he thinks that he has himself any chance of being taken as a candidate by either party he is the only man who thinks so at this moment. It is, however, generally considered to be an advantage to a candidate to be out of the country during the canvass. I cannot see any good which his going to England could effect with regard to public opinion. If he considered himself as returning the Prince of Wales's visit, the absurdity of the notion would alone prevent its being offensive. The majority of the Americans would probably be by no means pleased if he met with a brilliant reception. He has, besides, so much more vanity, personal and national, than tact, that he seldom makes a favorable impression at first. When one comes really to know him, one is surprised to find much to esteem and even to like in him. It is however hardly worth while to say more on the subject, for it is a mere conjecture of mine that he was thinking of going to England when he spoke to me. It might however be of advantage for me to know whether you would wish to encourage the idea of some public demonstration or other, if he should return to the subject when I get back to Washington. I told him that so far as public opinion in England was concerned, the one thing to do was to let us really have a supply of cotton; that without this demonstrations and professions would be unsuccessful: that with it they would not be required."

Whether Lord Lyons's conjecture was well-founded or otherwise, the prospect of a visit from Mr. Seward possessed no charms for Lord Russell, whose antipathy to the American Secretary of State was pretty generally understood. "The following letter," Lord Newton adds, "appears to be full of good sense and instructive as regards the real value of those visits of exalted personages which produce such illimitable enthusiasm in the press." Lord Russell to Lord Lyons, October 2, 1863:

> Upon considering Mr. Seward's hints to you of doing something here as an equivalent or a return for the Prince of Wales's visit to the United States, I do not see my way to anything satisfactory. These visits of Great Personages seldom have more than a transient effect; they form no real and solid relation of friendship between nations, though if undertaken at a fortunate moment, they serve to bring out and demonstrate a friendship already existing.
>
> The visit of the Prince of Wales was thus fortunately well timed; but if Mr. Seward or any conspicuous statesman of the United States were to visit this country now he would find us all divided. The Government would show him every attention and civility: the Anti-Slavery party would probably make great show of sympathy by addresses and public receptions. But the party who press for recognition of the South would hold aloof, and in some unmistakable manner, prove that there is a great deal of sympathy with the South in this country.
>
> In these circumstances I do not think that any such mark of friendship as Mr. Seward suggests would be likely to produce the good effect of which he is desirous. Mr. Sumner's conduct is very bad; he has taken infinite pains to misrepresent me in every particular. I have done my best to counteract his efforts by my speech at Blairgowrie. I don't know how far I may be successful, but I rely on your constant watchfulness to prevent any rupture between the two countries, which of all things I should most lament.
>
> The question of the ironclads is still under investigation. The Cabinet must consider it very soon, and I have no doubt we shall do all that is right to preserve our neutrality free from just reproach—unjust reproach we shall not yield to.

Owing to continued ill-health, Lord Lyons was compelled to pay a visit to Canada in the autumn of 1863, and, upon his return to Washington in October, accompanied by Admiral Milne, then in command of the British South Atlantic naval force, he reports Mr. Seward in a more conciliatory frame of mind than ever, chiefly owing to the detention by the British Government of Confederate ironclads just referred to. "Mr. Welles and the lawyers at the Navy Department, however, still 'appeared to be thoroughly wrong-headed and unable to see that municipal law is one thing and International Law and the relations between Governments another.' The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, engaged on an electioneering tour, distinguished himself by spirited speeches, talking of 'taking Old Mother England by the hair and giving her a good shaking,' and was himself outdone (in anti-British rancour) by another distinguished politician, Mr. Sumner. There was in fact no sign of change in the feeling of the people at large towards us, and the visit of a Russian squadron to New York was made the occasion of an anti-British and anti-French demonstration."

We next obtain from these confidential communications a curious glimpse of one feature of our Civil War record to which American investigators have given scant attention. The bounty system in use in recruiting our volunteer army, and the abuses incident thereto, occasioned Lord Lyons an amount of trouble of which the patriotic American of the present day has little realizing sense. Complaining bitterly of the burden of work thrust upon him, Lord Lyons wrote to London:

> It seems to me that everybody North and South who gets into trouble discovers that he or she is a non-naturalized British subject.

Lord Newton then proceeds:

> Consequently, when hostilities began, the Washington Legation was besieged by persons who desired to be exempted from service by getting registered as British subjects. . . .
>
> The difficulty really arose out of the defective military organization of the United States, which was based upon the voluntary system. The so-called voluntary system, which is in reality only a high-sounding device to impose upon an impecunious minority what ought to be a general obligation, may be an admirable institution in time of peace, but it invariably breaks down in a really serious emergency. . . .
>
> At first these appeals [for additional levies] were responded to with the greatest enthusiasm, but it was not long-lived, for, as has been related, even as early as the battle of Bull's Run in July, militia regiments insisted

*Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy. By Lord Newton. London: Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net. The work is published in this country by Longmans, Green & Co., New York, $8.50 net.

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upon leaving at the completion of their period of service, and from that date the difficulty in finding recruits continued to increase. . . .

It became clear that not only was it difficult to attract volunteers, but also to keep them when obtained. In view of the methods employed in recruiting it was not surprising that the results were frequently unsatisfactory.

The usual method employed was to inform the Governor of a State of the number of men required. The Governor having made the necessary announcement, private persons came forward offering to raise regiments. Each set forth his claims, his influence in the State or among a certain portion of the population, and his devotion to the party in power. . . .

As the contest progressed, the bounty system was responsible for innumerable cases of kidnapping in which British subjects were the sufferers. Kidnapping especially flourished in New York, where the emigrants were an easy prey. . . .

In the autumn of 1862, Fire Island was filled with unfortunates cheated and deluded, or forced thither by the police who received ten dollars a head for each man. Now in addition to the enormous bounties offered, there is placarded in conspicuous places on the walls of the New Park barracks at the City Hall the following very suggestive notice: "Fifteen dollars Hand Money given to any man bringing a volunteer."

Lord Newton then quotes from a report of Gen. Wistar, in command of the national forces at Yorktown, Va. Gen. Wistar in this report calls attention to what he refers to as an "extended spirit of desertion prevailing among the recruits recently received from the North." He then goes on:

There seems to be little doubt that many, in fact I think I am justified in saying the most, of these unfortunate men were either deceived or kidnapped, or both, in the most scandalous and inhuman manner, in New York City, where they were drugged and carried off to New Hampshire and Connecticut, mustered in and uniformed before their consciousness was fully restored.

Even their bounty was obtained by the parties who were instrumental in these nefarious transactions, and the poor wretches find themselves on returning to their senses, mustered soldiers, without any pecuniary benefit. Nearly all are foreigners, mostly sailors, both ignorant of and indifferent to the objects of the war in which they thus suddenly find themselves involved.

Lord Newton, evidently with an eye to Earl Roberts's movement in favor of compulsory military service, now agitated in Great Britain, then goes on:

These outrages committed in the name of the Voluntary System, and many of the victims of which were Englishmen, constantly took place even after the Act of July, 1862, which provided for the enrolment in the militia of all able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and it may be presumed therefore either that the United States Government was afraid to enforce its laws or that the so-called "volunteers" were chiefly foreign subjects. In any case, amongst these unhappy victims were numerous British youths under twenty-one years of age, and the efforts made to obtain their discharge on the ground of their being minors were rarely successful and eventually abandoned altogether.

The wealth of undisclosed original material of the character of that here given—revelations from the inside of men, opinions, and events of our Civil War days—reposing in the archive-room of Norfolk House may be inferred from this fact: Lord Newton asserts that early in November, 1863, Lord Lyons had then already that year received from Mr. Seward considerably more than nine hundred notes. At some future time these will afford a rich field for the American historical investigator; but some conception of the Civil War work devolved on the British legation at Washington may be gathered from the official figures given by Lord Newton. During the year 1864 no less than 1,816 dispatches or letters were received from the United States Government; and Lord Lyons during the same period transmitted 2,782, addressed apparently to the Department of State. Lord Newton adds: "Nor does it seem probable that Lord Lyons's numerous private letters to the Secretary of State and other correspondents are included; whilst there is no mention of telegrams." Meanwhile, there is undeniable significance in this extract from a letter subsequently writen by Lord Lyons to Earl Granville, then Foreign Secretary: "Above all things, we must try and keep as much as possible out of Blue Books. If it is absolutely necessary to have one now, pray let me have an opportunity of looking over everything of mine it is proposed to publish, and suggesting omissions."

Lord Newton thus refers to the usual routine of the British Chancery at Washington during the Civil War:

The secretaries and attachés had to be at their desks at 9 a. m. They worked continuously without a luncheon interval until past 7 p. m., then adjourned to Willard's Hotel to indulge in the pernicious local habit of swallowing cocktails, dined at 8, and were frequently obliged to return to the Chancery afterwards and work till midnight or even later.

Elsewhere, reference as follows is made by Lord Lyons to the Washington of the war period:

It "is a terrible place for young men; nothing whatever in the shape of amusement for them, little or no society of any kind now; no theatre, no club." (I, 87.)

The simple fact is that with all who have personal recollections of it—now not a large number—the national capital of the Civil War period is, mentally, morally, and socially, an altogether unsavory memory. With its barrack-like taverns, unpaved, unkempt, and overcrowded, the common resort of the vicious and depraved of both sexes, it was a half-built, wretchedly governed, semi-Southern municipality suddenly called upon to meet the requirements of a great war, involving the presence of an improvised army and the daily expenditure of millions in paper dollars and fractional currency. Of Lord Lyons himself under such unattractive environing conditions his biographer now says: "He used to state, in after life, with much apparent satisfaction, that during his five years' residence in the United States, he had never 'taken a drink or made a speech.'"

Lord Newton concludes his comments on this subject as follows:

In spite, however, of the disadvantageous circumstances under which Sir Edward Malet passed his time at Washington, it is worthy of note that he considered that every one in the British Diplomatic Service should rejoice if he had the chance of going there, and he bore emphatic testimony that, according to his experience, English people were treated with extraordinary courtesy and hospitality however high political feeling may have run.

Physically broken down by labor of this sort, Lord Lyons welcomed his permission temporarily to return home in December, 1864. So thoroughly was he broken down that upon arriving in England and domesticating himself with his sister, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, he made little progress towards recovery, and was for a considerable time almost incapable of either physical or mental exertion. In the spring of 1865, it became necessary for him, therefore, to resign his post at Washington and to retire temporarily from diplomatic service. It is pleasant to find that in doing so his opinion of the American Secretary of State had risen, as the result of long and intimate relations, and he thus wrote to Mr. Seward of his own successor, Sir Frederick Bruce:

You will, I am sure, be glad to form with him the confidential and intimate relations which did so much, in my case, to make my task easy and agreeable. The friendly and unconstrained terms on which we were produced so much good, that I am most anxious that my successor's intercourse with you should be placed at once on the same footing.

Mr. Seward, upon being informed of the resignation of Lord Lyons, in a letter written to him under date of March 20, 1865, thus expressed himself:

I have never desponded of my country, of emancipation of her slaves and of her resumption of her position as an agent of peace, progress, and civilization—interests which I never fail to believe are common with all branches of the British family. So I have had no doubt that when this dreadful war shall be ended, the United States and Great Britain would be reconciled and become better friends than ever.

I have thought that you are entitled to share in these great successes, as you have taken so great a part of the trials of the war. But God disposes. I feel sure that if I never find time to go abroad again, you with recovered health will come here to see the reign of peace and order. So I shall not dwell upon our parting as a final one.

Lord Newton in closing thus expresses himself in regard to the service then rendered by Lord Lyons:

It was the good fortune of this country to be represented during a protracted and dangerous crisis by a man who, distinguished by exceptional prudence, tact, judgment, and sincerity, added to these qualities a most minute knowledge of his own duties accompanied with indefatigable industry. It is not too much to say that any one wanting in these

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qualities would have found it impossible to prevent the calamity of war between England and the United States, and the diplomatist who successfully avoids a catastrophe of this nature and at the same time protects the interests of his country is as deserving of gratitude as the successful commander who appears upon the scene when diplomacy had failed.

So far, however, as the distinctively American investigator of our Civil War attitude towards Europe, and especially Great Britain, is concerned, what is perhaps not the least valuable intimation to be found in Lord Newton's biography is contained in a fragment of a familiar letter from Lord Lyons to Lord Granville, dated at Tours, September 19, 1870. The German investment of Paris, after the two capitulations of Sedan and Metz, was then imminent. Referring to a conversation which had just then taken place between the Prussian Ambassador at London and Lord Granville, Lord Lyons wrote:

On his part it is just the old story I used to hear in America from the Northerners: "The ordinary rules of neutrality are very well in ordinary wars, such as those in which *we* were neutrals, but our present cause is so preëminently just, noble, and advantageous to humanity and the rest of the world, that the very least other nations can do is to strain the laws of neutrality, so as to make them operate in our favor and against our opponents." (I, 323.)

News for Bibliophiles

THE FIRST PUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF JONATHAN CARVER'S TRAVELS.

[The material contained in the following article was originally printed for circulation among its members by the Wisconsin Historical Society.—Ed. The Nation.]

It is worthy of note that the first published account of Capt. Jonathan Carver's extensive Western travels, from his own pen, appeared in the Boston *Chronicle* of February 22, 1768, in the form of a letter to his wife at Montague, Mass., dated from Michillimackinac, September 24, 1767, and communicated to the paper by a "gentleman of distinction." For some reason, now completely hidden, Carver says in his "Travels" (London, 1778, p. 148) that he arrived at Mackinac in "the beginning of November, 1767," while in the letter which follows he specifically gives the date as the 30th of August. Here is Carver's letter in full:

My Dear—I arrived at this place the 30th of last month, from the westward; last winter I spent among the Naudoussee of the Plains, a roving nation of Indians, near the river St. Piere, one of the western branches of the Mississipi, near fourteen hundred miles west of Michillimackinac. This nation live in bands, and continually march like the roving Arabians in Asia. They live in tents of leather and are very powerful. I have learned and procured a specimen of their dialect [cf. "Travels," London, 1778, p. 82], and to the utmost of my power, have made minute remarks on their customs and manners, and likewise of many other nations that I have passed through; which I dare say, you and my acquaintance will think well worth hearing, and which I hope (by the continuation of the same divine Providence that has hitherto in this my journeying, in a most remarkable manner guarded over me in all my ways) personally to communicate. It would require a volume to relate all the hardships and dangers I have suffered since I left you, by stormy tempests on these lakes and rivers, by hunger and cold, in danger of savage beasts, and men more savage than they; for a long time no one to speak with in my native language, having only two men with me, the one a French man, the other an Indian of the Iroquois, which I had hired to work in the Canoe. I never received any considerable insult during my voyage, except on the 4th of November last, a little below Lake Pepin on the Mississipi. About sun down, having stopt in order to encamp, we made fast our canoe, and built a hut to sleep in, dressed some victuals and supped. In the evening, my people being fatigued, lay down to sleep: I sat a while and wrote some time by the fire light, after which I stept out of my hut. It being star light only, I saw a number of Indians about eight rods off, creeping on the banks of the river. I thought at first they had been some wild beasts, but soon found them to be Indians. I ran into my hut, awakened my two men, took my pistol in one hand, and sword in the other, being followed by my two men well armed. I told them as 'twas dark, not to fire till we could touch them with the muzzle of our pieces. I rushed down upon them, just as they were about to cut off our communication from the canoe, where was our baggage, and some goods for presents to the Indians; but on seeing our resolution they soon retreated. I pursued within ten feet of a large party. I could not tell what sort of weapons of war they had, but believe they had bows and arrows. I don't impute this resolution of mine to any thing more than the entire impossibility I saw of any retreat. The rest of the night I took my turn about with the men in watching. The next morning [we] proceeded up the Mississipi as usual, though importuned by my people to return, for fear of another onset from these Barbarians, who often infest those parts as robbers, at some seasons of the year [cf. "Travels," pp. 51-54].

My travels last year, by computing my journal, amount to two thousand seven hundred miles, and this year, from the place where I wintered, round the west, north, and east parts of lake Superior, to Michillimackinac, are two thousand one hundred miles; the total of my travels since I left New-England, is, four thousand eight hundred miles, by a moderate computation. Part of the plans and journals, with some letters concerning the situation of the country, I sent back with some Indians, which plans and letters Governour Rogers has sent some time ago by Mr. Baxter, a gentleman belonging to London, to be laid before the lords of trade. My travels this summer I am now preparing for the same purpose, which is the reason of my not coming home this fall.

I have seen the places where the Spaniards came and carried away silver and gold formerly, till the Indians drove them away, undoubtedly there is a great plenty of gold in many places of the Mississipi and westward. I trust I have made many valuable discoveries for the good of my king and country.

I cannot conclude without mentioning something of the superstition of the Naudoussees where I spent the last winter which agrees with the account of the father Hennipin, a French Recollect or a Fryar of that order, (who some years ago traveled among some part of the Naudoussees, tho' not as far west as I have been) has given of that people concerning books [cf. Thwaites's edition of Hennepin's "New Discovery," Chicago, 1903, p. 233]. I had with me some books necessary for my employment, which they supposed to be spirits, for as I by looking on the page when I first opened the book, could tell them how many leaves there were in the book to that place, they then would count over the leaves and found I told true; supposing the book was a spirit, and had told me the number, which otherways they judged impossible for me to know, they would immediately lay their hands on their mouths, and cry out in their language, Wokonchee, Wokonchee, which signifies, he is a God, he is a God; and often when I desired to be rid of my guests in my hut, I would open the book and read aloud, they would soon begin to go away, saying to one another, he talks with the gods. Many other remarks of the like kind I have made of that people [cf. "Travels," pp. 253-255].

They believe there is a superior spirit, or God, who is infinitely good, and that there is a bad spirit, or devil. When they are in trouble, they pray to the devil, because, say they, that God being good, will not hurt them, but the evil spirit that hurts them, can only avert their misery [cf. "Travels," pp. 381-382]. I have seen them pray to the sun and moon and all the elements, and often hold a pipe for the sun and moon and the waters, to smoak.

On my return to this place, I received the thanks of the Governor Commandant, who has promised he will take special care to acquaint the government at home of my services.

I have had my health ever since I left home, blessed be God, I hope you and all our children are well. I have not heard from you since I came away. Give my most affectionate love to my children. I long to see you all. I expect to be at home next July. I have two hundred pounds sterling due to me from the crown, which I shall have in the spring. Give my compliments to all friends and acquaintances. I am, My dear, your's forever,

Jonathan Carver.

Capt. Carver returned to his family at Montague in August, 1768, and lost no time in taking steps to have published in book form an account of his travels. The Boston *Chronicle* of September 12, 19, and 26, 1768, contained definite "proposals to the public." In these proposals, the book was described very much as it eventually appeared in London ten years later. The price was to be two Spanish dollars, and "subscriptions are taken in by Capt. Carver at Montague, and by J. Mein, at the London Book Store, north side of King Street, Boston." However, the traveller appears to have received little encouragement in his undertaking, and on February 22, 1769, he sailed for London in the Paoli, Capt. Hall, carrying with him, says the *Essex Gazette* (Salem, February 28, 1769), his draughts and journals, and good recommendations for his faithful service. After many vexatious delays, Carver's "Travels" finally saw the light in London in 1778, and rapidly became immensely popular. To satisfy the demand, many editions appeared in English, French, German, and Dutch.

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And to-day the book is still widely read, and in its numerous editions it finds ready sale in the auction-room and elsewhere.

A word about Carver's estimable wife. He had married Abigail Robbins in 1746, and there is no evidence available to show that they were not on good terms at the time of the traveller's departure for London. But the sad fact is that Capt. Carver seems to have had nothing to do with his family after he left America, and while in England he contracted a bigamous marriage. He died a pauper in purse in 1780, leaving at least one child, a daughter, by this second marriage. The wife of Carver's youth survived him twenty-two years (in comfort, let us hope), dying, much respected, in the seventy-third year of her age, at Brandon, Vt., November 9, 1802, while living in the family of her son-in-law, Joshua Goss, who in 1774 had married her daughter Abigail. Mrs. Carver's resting-place in the old Congregational burying-ground at Brandon is marked by a simple slab on which her virtues are set forth.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

MR. ADAMS AS CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No more welcome writer or instructive critic on either side of the Atlantic could have undertaken the task of reviewing Lord Newton's recent interesting Life of Lord Lyons than Mr. Charles Francis Adams.

Only yesterday I had occasion to turn to Professor Hadley's reference to the crisis of 1873, in which he says that a really great man, Mr. Adams, had appeared on the scene and promulgated an idea which has been of vital force and accomplished no end of good in corporate regulation ever since.

I regard Mr. Adams's account of the Washington Treaty of more service in cementing the two great English-speaking nations than all else that has been written to that end. And I shall, with a vast number of readers, look with the deepest interest for what he has to say in the *Nation*.

R. WEATHERBE.

Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, July 25.

JUSTICE IN ALABAMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has just been called to the news-item from Mobile, reprinted in your publication of July 9, and your editorial comment thereon. In justice to this State, I desire to call your attention to some salient points which seem to have escaped your notice in connection with this matter. You arraign the administration of justice in Alabama because, according to the dispatch, a negro was convicted in this State of stealing or robbing (the words are used as synonymous) another of fifty cents, and sentenced to imprisonment for fifty years therefor, a whole year for each penny collected. The writer of this startling news makes no distinction between the offences of robbery and petit larceny, and you yourself fail to take note of the distinction. The truth is that this negro was convicted of robbery, one of the gravest crimes known to our law. It was so regarded by the common law of England, and is so regarded by the criminal jurisprudence of all our States. The crime is severely penalized because of the *manner* of its commission, and usually the penalty is fixed without regard to the amount extracted from the victim. While I have not access to a criminal code of New York, I know that a wide distinction exists in that State, just as here, between petit larceny and robbery. I cannot agree with you in your characterization of this case as an instance of incredible inhumanity. Whether this negro's gain amounted to fifty cents or fifty dollars, his guilt was equally great, for our highways must be kept free from such depradators for the benefit of rich and poor alike. Neither do I think you chose a good text from which to score us for our injustice to the negro. True, administration of justice in the South is far from perfect, just as in your own State. In my opinion, the negroes in this State usually get justice in the criminal courts, while the whites frequently escape. But that even happens sometimes in New York. In justice to our State, I think you should correct the gross injustice which you did us in the article above alluded to, and when again you are moved to preach to us, please start with a case where justice has failed, not one where it has triumphed.

ADDISON WHITE.

Huntsville, Ala., July 22.

AN ITALIAN BOOK-LOVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The bibliomaniacs appear to be passing unnoticed an anniversary which would seem calculated to stir reverent reminiscence—the bicentenary of the death of the most notable of their fraternity, the Florentine librarian Antonio Magliabecchi, which occurred in July, 1714.

Of humble origin, and in his youth unable to read and write, Magliabecchi worked for years in the shop of a dealer in fruit and vegetables; but he showed so keen and genuine an interest in the backs of books that a book-dealer across the way finally employed him as his helper. In a very few days, even before he had learned to read, he had made himself invaluable to the dealer because of his accurate knowledge of the location and price of every volume in stock. In the course of years he became the oracle of all the scholars in the city, for he never forgot the volume, edition, page, and line of a sentence he had once read. He studied the catalogues of every great library of Europe, and although he left the city limits of Florence only twice in his life and neither of these trips was more than half a dozen miles in length, he was said to be able to locate the contents of every other notable library as accurately as those of his own collection. On one occasion the Grand Duke is said to have inquired what the chances were of obtaining a certain rare and valuable book. "You cannot get it," replied Magliabecchi. "There is only one copy known to be accessible, and that copy is at Constantinople, in the library of the Grand Turk. It is the seventh volume in the third row from the bottom of the second case to the right as you enter." Magliabecchi's private library exceeded 30,000 volumes, and his rooms were piled with books from floor to ceiling, with only a narrow aisle between; but aside from books, his worldly possessions were limited to two straight chairs and a cot to sleep on.

Magliabecchi was so engrossed with his books that he very rarely undressed, but snatched an occasional hour or two of sleep in one of his chairs or on his cot, from which he never removed the heaps of books and papers, but threw himself across them without disturbing them. He was dirty and dilapidated to a shocking degree, since he never had time to give the slightest attention to his personal appearance. He was very considerate of the spiders who hung their festoons about his precious volumes, and became very angry if a visitor broke their webs in entering. His reputation was world-wide, and various monarchs tried to entice him to their courts, but since money, ease, and fame were alike indifferent to him, he paid not the slightest attention to their offers. He several times set himself and his possessions on fire in his absorption, but some one always intervened in time to save him, and he died a natural death at the age of eighty-one. His private library, which he bequeathed to his native city, is now the largest and most important in Florence.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Norman, Okla., July 25.

JEAN-LEON JAURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The greatest parliamentary tenor, as his opponents were fond of describing him, has passed away. The sarcasm fitted, almost too well; Jaurès too frequently allowed his voice to run to falsetto tones; but that unpleasant organ drew throngs; a Jaurès afternoon at the Palais Bourbon was not unlike a Caruso evening at the Opéra. Whether they had come to admire or to damn, all applauded; he did it so well; almost too well to appear absolutely sincere. Yet he was sincerity itself. His marvellous pyrotechnic displays were not tainted with mountebankism; his eloquence was almost a reflex. Jaurès could not help being eloquent. One is almost tempted to recall Daudet's fling at Southerners who never thought unless they were talking.

A child of fifteen, Jaurès loved to harangue his fellow-citizens and to explain to them the local issues of their little town of Castres. The boy orator was a plodder, too; he conquered his degrees at an early age, and graduated from the Ecole Normale, the most mandarinlike establishment of higher learning in France, at the head of his class.

At twenty-six he was returned to Parliament; lost his seat a few years later; taught philosophy at the Toulouse University; returned to the Chamber, and became, so to speak, an indispensable element of French parliamentary life. At one time he even rose to the dignity of Vice-President of the Chamber, which, for a Socialist, was no mean accomplishment.

Soon after his entrance into political life he identified himself with the Socialist movement; a group gathered around him which he ruled not dictatorially, but merely through the prestige of his extremely broad mind.

Jaurès soon took issue with Guesde, who clung to the orthodox theory, known as the cataclysmic, according to which collectivism will be forced upon the world overnight. Jaurès had a deep sense of the continuity of human history; he believed that the social revolution would only be accomplished by the definite and harmonious will of an immense majority. A revolutionary minority, he was wont to repeat, however intelligent and energetic, will never bring about a revolution.

Those who to Guesde were the conscious tools of capitalism—reformists, Radicals, or

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mere Republicans—were to Jaurès the unconscious tools of Socialism. He never practiced exclusivism, he never hesitated to form alliances with bourgeois Republican groups whenever the Republic, which he considered as the indispensable basis for the building-up of Socialist institutions, was threatened by Royalist machinations. Charged before the Amsterdam Congress of 1904 with being an opportunist, Jaurès boldly declared that, in order to bring about the victory of Socialism, he believed in none but practical methods.

It may be that his death closed prematurely a chapter of his evolution which would have proved of intense interest. The man who had opposed the syndicalist idea of active minorities as stubbornly as the Marxist dogmatism surprised his own associates on July 17 of this year by offering a motion which committed the Socialist party to a purely syndicalist measure; the general strike as a response to attempts at mobilization. Guesde then branded him as a traitor to his party; French jingoes, who couldn't forgive him for advocating a rapprochement with Germany, called him a traitor to his country; a stupid youth did the rest. Whatever we may think of the man and of the politician, we must concede that he was a wonderful generator of activity, mental and physical. Present at every important congress, enlivening the debates with a flash, drawing fire from his opponents, and answering them in Chesterfieldian style, he, in a sense, made history wherever he went. In spite of his immense labors as agitator and leader he managed for ten years to contribute a daily article to his paper, *l'Humanité*, perhaps the most interesting product of a Radical party, as it constituted a consistent commentary on life, legislation, literature, and art. He also found time to embody in his book, "La Réalité du monde sensible," an interesting variation on the monistic theme. Historians have disagreed with the point of view he expressed in his voluminous work on the French Revolution, but its basis of facts has been found unimpeachable. An inexhaustible publicist, he had begun the publication of an encyclopædic history of Socialism.

ANDRE TRIDON.

New York, August 3.

LIQUOR AND DRUGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the claim by opponents of prohibition that drug-using is most prevalent and serious where the sale of liquor has been prohibited, I wish, while the matter is still fresh in the public mind, to call attention to the extent of the drug traffic in New York, where there is certainly no lack of liquor, as indicated by the immense amount of news and comment in the New York papers.

The opponents of prohibition argue that if a prohibitory law is not enforced, it should be repealed, yet nobody seems to be arguing for a repeal of the Drug law.

I desire also to call attention to the traffic in drugs in the prisons as indicating how little regard the political appointees of a corrupt liquor organization like Tammany have for any law which they are supposed to enforce.

It is also noteworthy that the recent National Convention of Alienists and Neurologists put alcohol first in the list of the causes of insanity and derangement, and drugs lower down in the scale.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON.

New York, July 27.

Literature

A "STANDPATTER" OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Life and Correspondence of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By Philip C. Yorke. University of Chicago Press. $13.50 net.

A new life of Lord Hardwicke was much needed, for historians have been obliged to content themselves with the very prejudiced and untrustworthy life in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," the stupid three volumes by Mr. Harris, or the uninspired annals in the "Dictionary of National Biography." All three of these works show little understanding of the real services of Lord Chancellor Yorke to the development of English law, and they fail completely in making evident the reasons for his long possession of political influence. The present author, therefore, had an opportunity to produce a great and important contribution to our knowledge of the history of the eighteenth century by picturing in all its phases one of the most typical personalities of that age.

Mr. Yorke is a descendant of the Chancellor, and so had no difficulty in placing himself in the environment of his hero, through the perusal of family letters, listening to family traditions, and by the careful study of the activities of his ancestors chronicled in many state papers, private correspondence, and contemporary memoirs. The perusal of his three ponderous volumes gives evidence of his industry and his conscientious attempt to perform an act of piety; but that same perusal has left the reviewer with a feeling of having been present during most of the laborious undertaking. Like the real Lord Hardwicke, his biographer has taken the Chancellor very seriously and has woven into his narrative all the pomposity of the average eighteenth-century politician, until one longs for a little touch of George Selway's sprightliness when over his cups, rather than the same George's grim humor when present at his favorite entertainment in a chamber of death or at a hanging. Still the ponderousness of the biography may be excused on the plea that it reflects the seriousness of Lord Hardwicke's own life.

But the greatest disappointment of the whole book is that the author gives us no comprehensive view of Lord Hardwicke the politician. The word politician is used advisedly, for the author always calls him a statesman—perhaps a natural mistake for a relative and one who sees in the Chancellor the only hope of an expanding eighteenth-century Britain; but to understand the politics of the eighteenth century in England one should have studied the development of politics in ancient Rome or in modern United States, where similar conditions have produced similar results, an alliance of "Big Business" and politics with a natural lowering of political honesty. The Whig ring that managed to usurp all power under the Hanoverian dynasty finds its most similar counterpart in the Senatorial ring of Rome which was broken by Julius Cæsar, or in Tammany Hall of New York. Now, Lord Chancellor Yorke's great influence—benign his biographer calls it—was due to the fact that he allied himself with the right ring and proved himself, as a rule, loyal to his friends, just as the modern politician does.

Whiggism has always been a fetish among historians of the right party affiliations, and it is a fact that the best known and most popular historians have glorified the Whigs; and in writing of the development of Whiggism writers have always identified as real Whigs that particular faction which was led by Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Newcastle, whereas—provided Whiggism is to be identified with progressivism, as is systematically done by writers—that particular clique of "real Whigs" was of the ultra-conservative type and can be compared to the wing of our own Republican party which upholds the popularly designated creed of "standpattism." The author shows throughout his work no understanding of this very real distinction. His creed is expressed on an early page (143):

> The Whigs, who secured the Hanoverian succession, the national church, the law of the land, religious and civil liberty as far as the perils of the times permitted, together with the power and ascendency of Britain among the nations, constituted the only party capable of carrying on the administration at this time and worthy of the national confidence; and they were necessarily supported by all except those who had something to gain by a return to arbitrary government, anarchy, and confusion, and who could acquiesce in the subordination of British to foreign interests abroad.

Although the statement, if limited to the first years of the reign of George I, might pass as a somewhat biassed interpretation of a Whig gentleman, it is an absolutely wrong analysis of the condition for later years, particularly when the term Whig party is limited, as it is by Mr. Yorke, to a particular faction of politicians; and it fails therefore as a *vade mecum* through the intricacies of eighteenth-century politics. Yet Mr. Yorke assumes that his ancestor is always following the right and saving the empire, whatever combination his own faction makes with those formerly opposed to it. Hardwicke's introduction into politics was due to the Pelham interests, to which he remained faithful throughout his life. With his patrons he joined the forces of Sir Robert Walpole as long as his star was in the ascendency; but like the Pelhams, he felt that his political future would be served better with the downfall of that autocrat, so that his influence was lent for the purpose.

After the fall of Walpole there was a further division of the Whigs into factions, the two principal ones being that led by the Pelhams and Hardwicke and that of the Duke of Cumberland. Besides these, there was the progressive party, of which William Pitt was becoming the leader, and also the Leicester House faction of the Prince of Wales.

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The chief aim of all these factions was the holding of office, and the game of politics simply turned on the possibility of ousting the "ins" or routing the "outs." Even such an important event as the outbreak of the French and Indian War was occasioned by the manipulations of the "outs," the Duke of Cumberland's faction; and the plot was so far successful as to bring some of them to power.

Of all these schemes and counter-schemes, there is sufficient evidence in the letters printed by Mr. Yorke, but there is no evidence of the author's understanding of their significance. Instead we get a picture of the Lord Chancellor as a great statesman, advising only what he regards as the best for the country. The game of politics was not for such an *Uebermensch*.

There has been, therefore, much left out by the author of these volumes that we should have expected to be included; but, on the other hand, there is much to praise. First of all, this is a life of the Lord Chancellor which gives an adequate and authoritative treatment of the externals. Controverted points are carefully investigated, and although historians will not accept the decisions where they depend on interpretations of important historical events, still there are sufficient data presented to form a personal judgment. It is a pity that more space is not granted in three volumes to treat at greater length Lord Hardwicke's contributions to the development of the law of equity, but to a careful reader of the life it is very evident that his services in this field have been great and are his surest titles to fame.

Another service of the work is an admirable pen portrait of the Duke of Newcastle. To picture this fussy, self-seeking politician was not a difficult task, as he has revealed himself—so unlike the ways of Lord Hardwicke—through his letters. There has never been a satisfactory publication of Newcastle's letters; but in these volumes we have numbers of them that will make possible a better estimate of the man.

Mr. Yorke has fortunately broken away from the time-honored English method of incorporating the private letters and public documents in the text of a biography, a practice that compels a cutting of the text to fit the needs of the composition. Instead of this, the author has printed after each chapter of narrative a collection of letters written by and to the Earl of Hardwicke. He has not, however, had the courage to print these in their entirety, and in his preface he confesses that certain liberties, such as modernizing the spelling, have been taken. On the whole, the selection of letters has been well done, when it is remembered from what a large mass of material the choice had to be made. Still, such a selective method is not sufficient for historical students, and a great service to research in both England and America would be performed if steps were taken to publish *in extenso* the extant correspondence of eighteenth-century politicians.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Sheep Track. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Celebrity's Daughter. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

These novels are sufficiently alike in theme and in species to be mentioned together. They both belong to that order of minor English fiction which deals conjointly with the life of art and the life of fashion. The "artistic temperament" is a well-recognized asset for novelists, but hardly more valuable than the aristocratic temperament. Mayfair is not less thrilling than Bohemia; where the two impinge, romance greatly flourishes. "Trilby" was merely a piquant rendering of the old theme. The "sheep track" of the first of these novels is, as may be imagined, the path followed by conventional society. The writer loses no opportunity of elaborating the metaphor. Her heroine, Marica Fayne, though her father is, as it were, a registered animal, has been bred away from the track. Fayne is a scholar and antiquary who chooses solitude as a setting for his remote thoughts. He worships beauty in the colder "classical" sense, and brings up his daughter in ignorance of everything ugly to eye or mind, taking it for granted that she will continue satisfied with his way of life. But she is young and beautiful, and has her instincts, to be confirmed by her first contact with the world. That world divides itself for her into a world of pleasure and a world of happiness. At first she identifies the one with the other, and both with the life of "society"—the sheep track. Unluckily for our satire, the portraits of sheep chosen as typical—notably a Lady Grundisburgh and a Lady Plumpton—are ridiculous and feeble caricatures. The young Earl of Windlesham, with whom Marica falls in love, and from whom she barely escapes, is, from what we have gathered of earls, somewhat more credible. But it is Peter Trent, the plain, solid man, waiting unobtrusive in the background, who really seems most like a person (Fayne himself is a monster). We are glad, for several reasons, to leave Marica in his hands.

The "Tempe" of "The Celebrity's Daughter" is a very different sort of girl from Marica Fayne, a more modern type of heroine. She tells the story herself, in that tone of "frankness" which means a deliberate abstention from modesty, not to say decency, and which marks a type of female now frequently and publicly pleased with herself. The celebrity, Vero-Taylor, whom his daughter always calls "George," is understood to be a novelist of distinction. We find him a shabby cad who has eloped with a woman of title and does not know what to do with her. He borrows right and left, but the ménage is supported chiefly by an allowance made to the lady of title by a former admirer, and another made to the distinguished novelist by his injured wife, Tempe's mother. Mrs. Vero-Taylor would be a somewhat more remarkable person in real life than in a novel. Deserted by her husband, she becomes at once an accomplished and popular actress. She will not give her "George" the satisfaction of a divorce. In the end, however, her hand is forced in two ways. The woman of title is a baroness in her own right, and if her forthcoming son by "George" is not legitimate, the poor innocent will lose what would otherwise be his birthright. This consideration works upon the actress's motherly heart. Secondly, George is made dramatic censor, and has in his hands the fate of a play which his wife believes will make her fortune. The upshot is a refined bargain by which the wife yields her husband a divorce in return for his favorable verdict upon her play. As for Tempe, the girl, she loves a young man of family whom she knows to be an utter rake, and who finally disappears from view in the rôle of a co-respondent, on the way to a cynical marriage with his latest victim. A drunken "Aunt Gerty" and numerous comic society people supply an element of even more buoyant mirth to this charming tale. There would seem to be no essential disharmony shown here between the wayside strollers of art and the followers of the social sheep-track. The moral is that, with certain differences of usage, they are all equally nasty.

The Autobiography of a Happy Woman. Anonymous. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Transition: A Psychological Romance. By Lucy Re-Bartlett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

First, a caution to the reader not to be led by the title of our first to look for anything pleasantly idyllic in these pages. The writer is a militant woman, happy because she has won her personal fight, a fight against the inherited helplessness and dependence of her sex, not in politics, but in the ordinary business of living. What she has here written is not properly an autobiography, but a tract. The style is lively and aggressive. It disposes, for example, of the present day as "a money-mad age whirling dervish dances round the umbilical cord of its own ego." The upshot of the matter is that this woman succeeded in making her own way in the material world, and thinks it a necessary and beautiful thing that all women should be able to do that. She has a raging contempt for the "generation of women that had to marry willy-nilly, or be damned," the generation that was helpless and nerveless when thrown upon its own resources. The book presents neither a consecutive story nor a sustained and progressive argument. We learn something of the writer's experiences as student, schoolmistress, woman of business, and journalist. But she continually interrupts her own story to tell the stories of other women, and to point and repoint her single moral. She is fond of italics, and of simple, strenuous words like "swat" and "bump" and "smash." For in the creed of current feminism the swat is mightier than the simper.

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In "Transition: A Psychological Romance," no such vulgar word is to be found, nor is the thing itself admired for its own sake. Nevertheless, this is a novel or series of dialogues strung together on a slight thread of plot, in defence of English militancy as one of the natural manifestations of that "coming order" which Mrs. Re-Bartlett has already celebrated in more than one volume of essays. The Hugh and Maimie of the tale are intended as mere types; the girl, of the young woman whose mind and spirit are full of the new cause, but whose heart still yearns for a mate among the unjust sex; the man, of the thick-headed citizen, wedded to the traditional notion of a female sphere, yet hopelessly in love with one of the recalcitrants. Poor Hugh—we rather pity him, he is so evidently a man of straw set up to be demolished, or converted. He seems really "a decent sort," deserving better of fate than his continual rôle of listener. The lectures he has to hear, the *argumenta ad hominem* supplied by his innocent heart, make up together a course of sprouts predestined to be too much for him. Maimie is not only a pretty girl and a militant—she is a mystic on the way to becoming an Illuminate. After and beneath her in all her phases, honest, bewildered Hugh must struggle till he comes to a knowledge of the only formula by which she may be won. The story as a story is rather absurd, but the author is not a novelist, and confides to us in her Foreword that the need to sketch pictorially the new order of life has so worked upon her that "reluctantly, fearfully," she has felt driven to adopt a literary form which she "never thought, and never wished, to touch." Such an enterprise, if the novel is really a literary form, takes courage. If Mrs. Re-Bartlett had chosen the epic or the dramatic form for her criticism of the hour, she would have been laughed at—if any one could have been found to give her a hearing at all. It is understood that one cannot step casually into success in either of those fields. But the novel is fair game.

The Day that Changed the World. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is a sort of sequel to Mr. Begbie's other books about conversion; but whereas the others dealt with observed fact, this is an attempt at millennial fiction. The topic is peculiarly fitted to bring out the author's weak points—lack of creative imagination and occasional want of humor. On the "Day" all professing Christians suddenly find that they really believe in God. This, in Mr. Begbie's view, includes belief in immortality, and in heaven and hell. It is affirmed over and over again that the hell which awaits sinners is a place of eternal torture. The realization that there is an actual God of love who condemns the wicked to everlasting agony affects different classes and persons in different ways. Fashionable ladies go slumming and take the poor for drives in their motor cars; great corporations raise wages or announce profit-sharing plans; the Bishop of Brompton and many others take to warning prostitutes in the streets that they are on the road to perdition; the leader of the Conservative Opposition in Parliament offers co-operation in reform legislation to the Liberals; the militant suffragettes transfer their enthusiasm to a campaign "for modesty, for simplicity, for dignity" of dress. "There is something definitely, flagrantly irreligious in the very spirit of women's dress. One cannot even think of St. Mary in the dress of to-day. . . . Mrs. Frothingham [leader of the militants] told me it was fifty thousand times more inspiring than campaigning for a vote." All this might be made very amusing, and some of it is so; but Mr. Begbie's intention is absolutely serious.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

Life of Walter Bagehot. By His Sister-in-Law, Mrs. Russell Barrington. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net.

It is not easy to judge such a work as this. The writing of English biography has fallen so predominantly into the hands of amateurs, addicted to padding and platitudes, that a proper norm of comparison scarcely exists. How commonly, after going through one of these contemporary lives, we are reminded of the words of Bagehot himself: "Are you not conscious yourself that you do not know so much of a man just after reading his biography? It requires time to let the encumbrance of circumstances pass off. Just in the same way there is no singleness, no unbroken, defined, unified delineation of character in contemporary narrations." Judged thus, by comparison with the stream of amateur essays called biography, Mrs. Barrington's work is excellent. But by any stricter norm of criticism it would have to be condemned pretty severely for its mass of irrelevant matter and its futile circumlocutions.

To be more precise, the first six chapters (considerably above a third of the whole book) are intolerably long-drawn-out. The rambling account of Bagehot's childhood at Langport and education at University College, London, is written by one who had no first-hand knowledge of her subject, and had few documents to rely upon. The letters quoted are the usual meaningless correspondence of a boy; there are few telling anecdotes, and the attempt to trace the character of the man to the surroundings of the child, as generally happens with those who try to bend the bow of Sainte-Beuve, is merely a multitudinous waste of words. Most distressing of all is Mrs. Barrington's harping on the occasional insanity of Bagehot's mother and the effect of this family anxiety on his temperament. It would have been well to have this matter out, once and for all, clearly and explicitly; but the continual allusion to it, with never a straightforward statement of Mrs. Bagehot's form of mania and its consequences, is unnecessary, and even exasperating.

There is an abrupt change for the better with the visit of Bagehot to Paris in 1851, when he was twenty-five years old. Though he had already begun authorship in a small way, the shock of the *coup d'état* seems to have first set his real powers in motion. The letters which he wrote to the *Enquirer* on the political situation of France are still good reading, containing, among other memorable sayings, his famous characterization of the English people: "I fear you will laugh when I tell you what I conceive to be about the most essential mental quality for a free people whose liberty is to be progressive, permanent, and on a large scale: it is much *stupidity*." A shrewd paradox, but whether true or not, or whether the truth lies rather with Goethe's belief that the French would be saved in the end by their *intelligence*, only time and the college debating society can decide.

With this visit to Paris, Bagehot's private correspondence also begins to show the color of his genius. There is, for instance, in a letter to his father, a vivid description of the barricades, not without a useful glimpse into the nature of revolutionary mobs in general. We can quote only a few lines:

> The people making them [the barricades] were of two very unlike sorts. Immensely the greater number were mere boys or lads, *gamins* is the technical word, the lower sort of shopboys and sons of the better artisans, not bad-looking young fellows at all, liking the fair, and in general quite unarmed. Besides these and directing them were a few old stagers who have been at it these twenty years —men whose faces I do not like to *think* of—yellow, sour, angry, fanatical, who would rather shoot you than not.

From this time the interest of the life flows in a full stream, despite the meandering style of the biographer, and with the exception of one long and impertinent excursus on the acts of the biographer's father in India. We follow now the Bagehot we already knew from his books, in his career as banker with the great house of Stuckey to which his father belonged, in his editing of the *Economist*, and in his introduction into the higher political circles through the Right Hon. James Wilson. From the purely human point of view, one of the most entertaining sections of the book is that which tells of Bagehot's visits to the home of Mr. Wilson at Claverton, and his relation with the family of daughters there, one of whom he married, and another of whom is the present biographer. Indeed, Bagehot was the most human of men, as any reader of his literary or economical essays knows, and Mrs. Barrington was quite right in making this characteristic of the man the keynote of her narration. Even the dull routine of bookkeeping could not depress his spirits. "I have devoted my time for the last four months," he writes to his very close friend, R. H. Hutton, "nearly exclusively to the art of bookkeeping by double entry, the theory of which is agreeable and pretty, but the practice perhaps as horrible as anything ever was. I maintain, too, in vain that sums are matters of opinion, but the people in command here do not comprehend the nature of contingent matter, and

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try to prove that figures tend to one result more than another." As a matter of fact, this astute economist and analyst of finance was never a master of addition.

Mrs. Barrington quotes at considerable length from Bagehot's essays, and adds criticisms which are sometimes wise and sometimes not. At the very beginning of the book she makes this statement: "A striking point about all his work is that he not only has mastered his subjects exhaustively, but enjoys them keenly." The second point is abundantly true, and explains the unfailing zest and gusto in Bagehot's writings, even when they deal with topics seemingly the most remote, to use one of his own fine phrases, from "the hearth of the soul." But the first point made by Mrs. Barrington is true only with reservations, particularly in his literary essays. His criticism is always interesting and buoyed up by a profound and sympathetic understanding of human nature; the critic seems to have lived literature. But his actual baggage of book-learning, as we have been trained to demand this by the great and exhaustive critics of France, is sometimes rather slender. He will give you the man Shelley to the life, and the human value, or lack of value, of Shelley's poetry; but for a genetic study of romanticism and Shelley's place therein, we must go to other sources.

A word must be said in conclusion in regard to the proofreading of the book. This is not only bad in the ordinary sense, but is disfigured by such monstrosities as "Hissus" for *Elissus*, and "Oeneas" for *Aeneas*. In several places such errors as "came" for *gave*, or "felt" for *left*, turn sense into nonsense.

ROME AND HER LOCAL COMMONWEALTHS.

The Municipalities of the Roman Empire. By James S. Reid. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The substance of these lectures, delivered originally in the University of London, has been heard also at the Lowell Institute in Boston and in Columbia University. The object is to present the Roman Empire in the aspect of a vast federation of local commonwealths, each retaining in some degree the characteristics of the earlier "city-state" of the Græco-Roman world. It is a view well worthy of extended presentation, but the fragmentary character of the evidence remaining with regard to the local constitution and administration even of any single one of the vast number of municipalities concerned makes the task an almost hopeless one from the outset.

After speaking of the extent to which the Roman dominion grew, Dr. Reid says:

> Scholars by profession know well, but students less advanced often fail to realize, that through this marvellous evolution there runs a continuous thread of history which is rather municipal than imperial.

If he had said that there runs through it virtually a separate thread for each separate municipality, these almost countless threads falling into more or less closely related groups, and all finally centring at Rome, he would have expressed his own view more fully and conveyed to the reader more clearly the perplexities of his task as an historian. It is no reflection upon the skill of the author to say that the result makes extremely hard reading, and the fact that he has been able to hold audiences together in three different cities for the delivery of such intractable material in an extended course of lectures must be taken as a compliment both to his own power as a speaker and to the intellectual earnestness of his hearers.

One might readily imagine that Rome, in her pathway to world-conquest, would have reduced municipal organization to a single type as she went, in the interest of convenient administration. But she knew the nature of the populations with which she had to deal too well to attempt to crush local pride under the odious weight of a dead uniformity imposed from without. Her demands were for a long time little more than the minimum which would safeguard her own suzerainty, and the later encroachments on local autonomy were but the working of internal elements of decay which were destined to bring her own ruin.

The differences marking the municipalities under her control grew out of various causes. The old idea of the "city-state" naturally tended to variety, as the history of the Greek cities so vividly shows. Cities which owed their birth and growth to the slow working of natural causes differed as a class from the large number of those which were founded at a stroke either as a bid for glory on the part of the founder or as a means of holding conquered territory. Again, the cities of the eastern half of the Empire, all through its history, were marked by characteristics profoundly different from those of the West. The Empire was thus a vast system of laboratories of experiment in municipal administration, never seriously hampered by arbitrary imperial interference with local methods. But if no ruinous pressure was felt at this point, it did finally come at another. The material demands of the Imperial Government grew gradually heavier and heavier. Mines, forests, fisheries, and other natural sources of wealth fell more and more under control of the emperors. The manufacture of necessary articles for the military and official service went generally into the same hands. The requirements of the Government post service were a severe burden upon all towns along the routes, and the delivery of corn and other provisions for public use was a heavy weight upon municipalities and farmers alike. And so it happened that the Empire itself drained away the life-blood from these local communities which alone had given it its vitality. Dr. Reid's closing words sound like an echo from the pages of Tacitus:

> In this tragedy of ruin it is difficult to assign any great rôle to human will. No movement in history wears more the appearance of a destiny, sweeping along in an ever-growing flood, imperious and irresistible.

This book could not possibly hold the interest of one who reads for mere entertainment. It is distinctly for the student, who has some knowledge of Rome already and is willing to do vigorous intellectual labor for more. One is sorry that material worked over three times for oral delivery should have been allowed to go to the press and through the press in such shape as to require two pages of *addenda and corrigenda*. It should also have been impossible for a book to get by the proofreaders of the Cambridge Press with two separate references to the Colonia Agrippinensis (Cologne) as constituted in 50 B. C., especially when in both cases the Emperor Claudius is mentioned in immediate connection with the incident. Are our best publishing houses possibly relaxing in their sense of responsibility in points of mere scholarship? We would not, however, close with an unfavorable impression. The wealth of matter which the author has here brought together is really indispensable to any earnest student of Roman history.

A TRAVELLER DE LUXE.

Impressions de Sicile. By Princesse Marie Wolkonsky. Paris: Librairie Hachette. 1914. 20 francs.

This sumptuous quarto, brightened by a number of colored reproductions from the author's own paintings and printed on paper kindly as well to the eye of the reader as to its profusion of well-selected photographic illustrations, will certainly make Sicily live again in the imagination of any one who has had the good fortune to travel there. The Princess made her tour by automobile, starting southward from Messina and holding closely to the coast until she reached Selinunte. From Selinunte she passed northward to the Segestan ruins, through Alcamo to Palermo and then close along the shore to Capo d' Orlando. A break in the road east of this point made it necessary to turn southward into the mountains, and Messina was finally attained by way of Randazzo, Francavilla, and Taormina, with the addition of many fine views of Ætna to the original schedule. Her first sight of the colossus on reaching the summit of the Sierra del Ré, some twenty miles distant, calls forth this passage; it was in the winter, with the snow mantle falling well down the slopes:

> The obliquely shining sun cast shadows of transparent blue and tints of opal over its sinuosities. A white flaky smoke, losing itself in the clear heavens, crowned the majestic cone. What a marvel, this spectacle of Nature! Ætna, like a gigantic diamond, darts its dazzling fires over the roseate background of the sky. We stop, entranced by this fairy spectacle, wholly unlike that of the snowy peaks of the Alps.

Her likening of the mountain to a diamond recalls the Italian habit of speaking of its fertile slopes as "empearled" with the farm-

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houses which gleam in the distance, and the disaster which crushed so many of those farmhouses only a few weeks ago brings back to the mind as well the comment of René Bazin, "seulement, quand le géant se secoue, les perles tombent!"

She did not climb Ætna, and it may well have been a commendable feeling of fitness that led her to leave that awe-engendering summit to its conspicuous seclusion. It is not so easy, however, to find a satisfactory explanation of the fact that Mount Eryx (modern San Giuliano) was not included in an itinerary unhampered by imperative limits of time or expense. Gregorovius, the historian of mediæval Rome, was charmed with the place, though with an attitude not unnatural to a German of fifty years ago he felt it necessary to deny that the Æneid had any part in the attraction. But an educated traveller from France, even in these days, should be too susceptible to the spirit of Virgil to pass unconcerned within a few miles of ancient Eryx, which adds to its Virgilian memories so magnificent a view of the Mediterranean underneath, Sparagio looming into the upper blue to the east, the lofty Egatian Islands under the sinking sun, and the salt basins, wheat fields, and vineyards stretching off southward towards Marsala and Mazzara. Nor did Castrogiovanni, the ancient Henna, with its wealth of Sikel and Greek legend, lure her into the interior. In fact, the evidence of this volume goes far to fix Princess Wolkonsky as too essentially a modern to do full justice to her subject. There is much to appeal to the eye in Sicily, even if its past were utterly unknown, but there are few localities in which a sympathetic grasp of remote history and legend will yield heavier returns to present appreciation.

Of course, such a tour involved occasional lodging in places where hotel accommodations were but ill-adapted to Parisian sensibilities. In one case, at least, the beds were so uninviting to a more intimate acquaintance that the night was passed *sans déshabiller*, with sleep still further destroyed by the uproar of the "artists" of an ambulant kinematograph outfit, and the dust of that town was somewhat indignantly shaken from the tires of the Wolkonsky automobile at the hour of five in the morning, "la nuit . . . la plus mauvaise de tout notre voyage." The volume does not show much evidence of a sense of humor sufficient to minimize such infelicities of travel, though the author had been much amused the evening before at this same hotel by the naïve reply of "don Peppino" to a request for six eggs for the next morning: "Je suis incapable de les faire, mais la patronne le pourra." Whether the unusually early hour of departure forestalled the capability of "la patronne" we are not told. A slip in geographical names may be pardoned, but one feels more like granting grace to the author than to the house of Hachette for such an error as occurs in a paragraph on "an unique view" from a hilltop near Solunto. "D'un coté, le regard plonge jusqu' à la lointaine Palerme toute empourprée de soleil; de l'autre, l'œil est captivé par la beauté du golfe de *Trapani*." It would indeed be "an unique view" if the eye could pierce all that lies between Solunto and Trapani. Of course, the Gulf of Termini Imerese was meant.

Notes

"Love Insurance," by Earl Derr Biggers, is announced for publication by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Among the volumes announced for publication in September by Thomas Y. Crowell Company are: "Bullfinch's Mythology"; "Hints for Young Writers" and "I Had a Friend," by Orison Swett Marden; "The Man Napoleon," by William Henry Hudson; "Women of the Classics," by Mary C. Sturgeon; "Stories from Browning," by Rumey C. Turnbull; "Stories from Wagner," by J. Walker McSpadden.

The announcement comes from the Oxford University Press that it is about to issue a new series of small anthologies under the general title of "Oxford Garlands." The first four volumes of this series—Religious Poems, Sonnets, Poems on Sport, and Love Poems—will be published early this month. The poems have been selected and briefly annotated by R. H. Leonard.

"Chessmen in Action," by W. P. Turnbull, and "Lessons in Pawn Play," by the Rev. E. E. Cunnington (Dutton; 60 cents and 75 cents net, respectively), are timely in view of the increasing interest now manifested in the game. In the former Mr. Turnbull gives many interesting end-play problems, in which different pieces are employed, showing their relative values and methods of play. The lessons in pawn play are particularly valuable to beginners, and one hundred examples are given with their solutions, so that the novice may learn the reasons for moves and combinations.

"Game Protection and Propagation in America," by Henry Chase (Lippincott; $1.25 net), is a useful handbook covering all important phases of a subject that is fortunately attracting more and more attention. The economic as well as the sentimental reasons for game conservation are stated, the necessity for education of the public opinion emphasized, the State, national, and international phases of the matter severally considered, the legal phases of property in game discussed, and many practical suggestions given on such subjects as the field-work of game-wardens, the restocking of game covers, the propagation of game fishes, and the fighting of forest fires. An appendix gives a model constitution and code of by-laws for the formation of game clubs, organized, of course, for purposes of conservation.

Those who are frightened by the formidable six volumes of Mr. Macauliffe on "The Sikh Religion" will be glad to turn to the little volume by Dorothy Field on the subject, "The Religion of the Sikhs" (Dutton; 70 cents net). The author evidently does not work from first-hand sources, but contents herself with using translations of native texts. As a result, we do not obtain anything new in the presentation of the subject, but the little compilation is useful as giving in a brief form all the essential facts of the curious religion of the Sikhs. The specimens of hymns seem to have been chosen with care and illustrate some of the views and doctrines brought forth in the body of the volume.

"The China Year Book" for 1914 (Dutton; $3.50 net) has been considerably revised and enlarged since its predecessor appeared last year. The editors mention the difficulties that the compilers of a book of this kind have had to meet in view of the disturbed political conditions in the country, but so far as can be gauged in a cursory examination of the volume they appear to have overcome these obstacles in a satisfactory fashion. The department entitled "Who's Who?" which, we are informed with pardonable pride, "contains nearly twice as many names as appeared in the 1913 edition," should prove of especial service to distressed journalists wrestling with the perplexities of Chinese nomenclature. It will be an inestimable boon, for instance, to have at hand an exact authority for the spelling of "Amuerhlingkuei," which is the first name on the list of the distinguished ones. The chapters on Commerce and Industry have also been amplified, and in the department dealing with Greater China, Lieut. G. C. Binsteed contributes a valuable chapter on Mongolia. The preparation of the list of names of members of the Senate and House of Representatives must have been a somewhat discouraging task, for a large number of the names have asterisks against them indicating that their possessors were "unseated by Presidential orders, November 4, 1913," and there is an afterthought in the form of a footnote to remind us that the National Assembly was dissolved by the autocratic Yuan Shih-Kai in January of this year.

The same publishers bring out this year for the first time "The South African Year Book," by W. H. Hosking ($3.50 net), a convenient work of reference which supplies a very real need. Subsequent editions will doubtless be considerably revised and amplified. In particular, the pages devoted to Races and Languages appear to us to be inadequate, and information concerning the Boer element in South Africa is scanty. We have, for example, found it impossible to discover from the Index any figures giving the ratio of the Dutch population to the British, the only comparison used being apparently, that between white and colored. The figures on Agriculture also leave something to be desired, unless the Index is seriously at fault, for, though there are plenty of statistics giving the values of production, nowhere are we able to find any estimate of the area of land under cultivation. Doubtless, these and other deficiences which use of the book may reveal will be supplied in subsequent editions. Meanwhile, "The South African Year Book" will form a welcome addition to the reference library.

As Napoleon wished his fame to rest upon his Code, so Lord Milner preferred, as he said in the farewell banquet at Johannesburg, "to be remembered for the tremendous effort, wise or unwise, in various particulars, made after the war, not only to repair its ravages, but also to restart the New Colonies on a far high-

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er plane of civilization than they had ever previously attained." Mr. W. Basil Worsfold's two volumes, "The Reconstruction of the New Colonies under Lord Milner" (Dutton; $7.50 net) are an excellent statement of what this tremendous effort was and what great results it accomplished. They are a continuation of his earlier book, "Lord Milner's Work in South Africa, 1897-1902," and cover nominally the three critical years from the final surrender of the last Boer Commandos by the Vereeniging Agreement of May 31, 1902, until Lord Milner's retirement from South Africa in March, 1905; but they include also an interesting "epilogue" in which the author summarizes the economic and constitutional changes in the Transvaal and Orange Colony until May 31, 1910, when these new colonies joined with Natal and Cape Colony in the creation of the Union of South Africa.

Lord Milner's is a figure around which still rage burning controversies. He was the steadfast and outspoken champion of that British Imperialism whose greatest exponent was his chief at the Colonial Office, the late Joseph Chamberlain. When the latter resigned from the Balfour Cabinet in 1903 on account of Tariff Reform, Milner was offered his place, but with a characteristic sense of duty he declined the office on the ground that he could not leave his work in South Africa. Mr. Worsfold, too, is an imperialist and expounds imperialism vigorously. He also gives evidence of the soundness of his views and supplies a wealth of valuable information which he has gained from a study of the Blue Books, from his access to Lord Milner's own papers and private diaries, and from his wide opportunities as editor of the Johannesburg *Star*. He admires enthusiastically Lord Milner's unquestioned administrative ability; he appreciates sympathetically Lord Milner's efforts after the war to raise Boer and Briton into mutually respecting, loyal, and contented citizens of the British Empire at a time when the Boers held aloof from his Crown Colony Administration and when the British Radicals criticised him because he did not think it prudent to grant responsible government immediately; and he sees in retrospect to what a great extent Lord Milner's measures of administrative improvement and unity prepared the way for the eventual Union of South Africa. This being so, his volumes are a vigorous defence of Lord Milner against ignorant critics in England as well as a clear and valuable History of South Africa from an Imperial point of view.

The first volumes catalogued in Ernest A. Baker's "A Guide to Historical Fiction" (Macmillan; $6 net) are Jack London's "Before Adam" and H. G. Wells's "A Story of the Stone Age"; and it brings its compendious list to Gen. Charles King's narratives of the Philippine insurrection and to Pierre Loti on the Turkish unrest ("Les Désenchantées"). The book will fill a gap on reference shelves into which Mr. Jonathan Nield's "Guide" has imperfectly fitted. A simple plan divides the thousands of items, classification being made into nations or groups of nations (Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Hungary, for example, are considered together), and each division is then considered as to historical periods or episodes. Nearly three-fourths of the heavy volume is usurped by the British Isles, America, and France; but even Africa receives twelve pages, and Asia twenty-five. As in the author's "Guide to the Best Fiction," each book gets from a score to several hundred words of description, the date of appearance, publisher, price, and main editions being noted. The principles of selection are generous, and books like the Sagas and Cid, Defoe's pseudo-histories, Fielding's and Dickens's social studies, and Henty's juvenile books, are cheek by jowl with deliberate, carefully documented pieces of novelized history like "Romola" and "War and Peace." Want of literary merit is no bar, as in Mr. Baker's companion volume; the number listed is portentous. A single index includes authors, titles, and geographical and historical names. The mass of information presented inclines one to be lenient with deficiencies, such as the omission of volumes of short stories like Daudet's and Coppée's on the Franco-Prussian scene, or George Moore's "The Untilled Field," as deep a study of actual Irish conditions as is easily found; and the rare omission of an outstanding work, as Bazin's "Les Oberlé." Of errors, only a few parallel the listing of Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolboy" under the English Colonies. Users of the volume must be careful to note that when a given work covers a span of years the date under which it is indexed represents the end of the period.

In "Bread and Circuses" (Lane; $1.25 net) Helen Parry Eden wears with grace two very different mantles. In verses of childhood she shows a tender and subtle observation; in humor and satire her work is full of neat outcroppings of the Horatian spirit. The poems which celebrate Betsey-Jane's first party, the pinafore bought in Bruges, her relations with Four-Paws and Jocko, and her incontinent desire to go to heaven, are cunningly etched pictures, with an interfused maternal feeling. Among the topical skits to which Mr. Eden lends a hand practiced in *Punch* and elsewhere are "The Vegetarian's Daughter," "To a Journalist," and "A Lady of Fashion on the Death of her Dog," all bringing a past brilliancy and spice to present-day topics.

> Who now with quavering eloquence wouldst fill
> *And tiding of a pilfered purse, the street*
> Maddened with motors and the armored fleet
> Of base mechanical engines out to kill.
> Go, thou sole arbiter of Buff and Blue,
> Time hath prevailed against thee, yield the floor,
> Toll, on bare sufferance, from door to door,
> The hooters hold the highway;—as for you,
> You voice the missing ha'pence of the poor,
> And they the incomes of the well-to-do.

A musing philosophy in several of the Betsey-Jane poems rises to poignancy in the "Epitaph on a Child"; while the "Elegy for Father Anselm" has stateliness of march, and there are a few souvenirs of Drayton and others of his age.

Students of the legend of Tristan and Iseult will welcome "Isoldes Gottesurteil in seiner erotischen Bedeutung: ein Beitrag zur vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte" (Berlin: Hermann Barsdof Verlag), by J. J. Meyer, for it offers a remarkably full collection of parallels to the motif which gives its title to the book. Those who are familiar with the version of Gottfried von Strassburg will recall the incident of how Iseult passed unscathed through the ordeal of carrying a glowing piece of iron in her hand as a test of the truth of her asseveration that she had always been faithful to her husband, King Mark. In view of her intrigue with Tristan, it was hopeless for her to make such an asseveration without qualifying it. She accordingly contrived an incident with a supposed beggar which enabled her to except this person in her oath, without exciting the suspicion of Mark and his barons that she had been really unchaste. The beggar was, of course, Tristan in disguise. She had thus fulfilled the literal requirements of the oath, and consequently escaped unharmed. This motif of the ambiguous oath is especially common in the Orient, and the examples which Professor Meyer brings together are accordingly drawn mainly from the literature of India and other Eastern countries. As might be expected from the nature of the "Tristan" episode, which they are intended to illustrate, these tales are licentious in the extreme. On the other hand, some of them, like the story of Durgila (given here in German quatrains), possess undeniable literary merit, and they all throw light on the primitive attitude of mind which views the literal fulfilment of an oath without regard to its spirit as satisfactory even to God.

The very abundant notes at the end of the volume are full of valuable information on the rather unsavory subject of eroticism in the East and mediæval Europe. Similarly the first part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of conceptions of love in European literature during the Middle Ages. Beneath the conventional veneer of the *amour courtois*, the author sees nothing but sheer grossness and brutality. There is, of course, a considerable element of truth in this view, but Professor Meyer injures his case by his unrestrained exaggeration. There were gleams of light even in the Dark Ages that do not appear in his picture. In conclusion, one cannot but express wonder that the author should have taken no pains to make his book usable. He has not divided it into chapters, and one has to find one's way through his pages as best one can.

The Philistine enigma is discussed by Prof. R. A. Stewart Macalister, the well-known Palestinian excavator, in "The Philistines, Their History and Civilization" (Oxford University Press). The origin of this people has been a standing puzzle—it has been held that they came from Crete or from the coast of Asia Minor. Macalister, after detailing such hints as are given in the Old Testament and in Egyptian and other inscriptions, concludes that they probably came from both these regions—a non-Semitic seafaring people, who, like the Northmen, descended on cultivated coasts, seized territory, and established kingdoms. But he confesses that the data are not sufficient to warrant a positive assertion. One bold hypothesis he ventures to put forth—he holds that it is to the Philistines we owe the so-called Phœnician alphabet; but the grounds on which he bases his argument are precarious, and this hypothesis must be relegated to the limbo in which other explanations of the origin of our alphabet repose, there to stay till we have more light on the early Mediterranean conditions. Professor Macalister has not solved the great problems involved in his investigation, but the materials he has collected help us to understand the general life of western Asia in the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B. C.

"The West in the Diplomacy of the American Revolution," by Paul Chrisler Phillips, published in the Social Science series of the University of Illinois, is a careful investiga-

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tion based upon documents in the French, English, and American archives. Mr. Phillips's main thesis is that Vergennes's policy was dominated throughout by the desire to humiliate England, and that he never had any desire to secure an increase of French possessions in America. He maintains that the "Memoire Historique et Politique sur la Louisiane par M. Vergennes," published in Paris in 1802, and relied upon by Professor Turner, was a forgery. According to Vergennes, France would be sufficiently benefited, first by securing the independence of the English colonies, secondly by attaching the new nation to France, thirdly by increasing the territory of Spain in America at the expense of England. Much new material has been used to support this thesis; and in the main it seems well established. The difficulty of Vergennes's policy lay in the fact that while Spain was hostile to the independence of the colonies and determined to extend her interests in the Mississippi valley, the colonists insisted upon the Mississippi and the Great Lakes as their rightful boundaries. The chief embarrassment of Vergennes, therefore, arose from the necessity of reconciling the conflicting interests of his allies. Against Spain he insisted upon independence for the colonies; but he wished Spain to be satisfied, and could not support the colonies in their extreme western demands.

Mr. Phillips shows that it was this attitude of Vergennes in respect to the disposal of the West, and particularly the excessive zeal of his agents Girard and Luzerne in support of Spanish interests there, that gave rise to the anti-Gallic sentiment in Congress and the appointment of Jay and Adams as peace commissioners. In the opinion of Mr. Phillips, Girard and Luzerne supported Spanish interests far more vigorously than the instructions of Vergennes warranted, and the suspicion of the latter's sincerity which Jay and Adams carried into the negotiations was entirely unnecessary. There is doubtless truth in this. Yet it is true that Vergennes wished to satisfy Spain as well as the United States, that he was content to insist upon the independence of the colonies without raising the question of what the boundaries should be, and that he neither thought they had any valid claim to territory west of the Alleghanies nor made any effort to aid them in securing that territory. If England had retained Canada, including the northwest territory, and Spain had secured Florida and the greater part of the southwest territory, would not the United States have been bound irrevocably to the French alliance? And in that case would not France have been in a position to exercise a first-rate influence in the New World? One can with difficulty avoid the inference that Vergennes would have been very well satisfied with such a solution. Yet it is true that he did not make any serious effort to prevent the United States from acquiring the territory which they desired. Mr. Phillips has presented his material in a clear and vigorous style, although with a good deal of unnecessary repetition.

The second volume of the Harvard Studies in English consists of "The English Moralities from the Point of View of Allegory" (Boston: Ginn; $2), by Prof. W. Roy Mackenzie. The author, in his own words, has taken "high ground." He not only proposes a new definition for morality play, but contends that his is the only right one. He approaches the type as a botanist studies a new flower. He fixes upon allegorical structure as the distinctive mark of the species, and then applies this means of identification rigorously. "The Nice Wanton," usually classed with the moralities, is excluded, because, although "the moral is insisted upon more steadily and more earnestly than in many of the full-fledged Moralities," "while the play lacks allegorical structure, no amount of moral earnestness can retain it in the class." "Kynge Johan," frequently connected with the history play, is included, because, although "it is evident that a thread of history runs through the play from beginning to end," "this historical thread could be removed in a few moments, and the play would remain, in texture, exactly as it is now; whereas any attempt to remove the allegorical element would result in the complete dismemberment of the play." Not only is the definition perfectly logical, but the classification of moralities based on it is consistent. It brings out more thoroughly than has hitherto been done the allegorical elements in the various kinds of morality. In spite of harboring a doubt as to whether any phenomenon in literary history is truly to be studied by this inelastic method of natural science, one entertains a hope that Professor Mackenzie will turn his study of allegorical method to further account in throwing more light on the provenance of this type of drama.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

In the days when the London Underground Railway was never free from smoke, the men employed on that road were reported to be singularly exempt from consumption. Since electric traction took the place of steam trains, this hygienic distinction has been lost. The railway, however, is making a new reputation for its station flower gardens, which compete annually for prizes awarded after an inspection by the directors. The chief hindrance of a tunnel gardener, it seems, is not the lack of light or the difficulty of watering, but the draught set up by passing trains.

The Church of England continues to be disturbed by the unrest among English women. Hunger-strike litanies in St. Paul's and bombs at Westminster Abbey have now been followed by the demand that women shall be admitted to the priesthood. Some of the Nonconformist denominations—notably the Friends and the smaller Methodist bodies—have at various times made effective use of a female ministry, but in such cases the motive for the offer of service has been evangelistic zeal, not sex equality. The *Guardian*, the leading Anglican paper, dubs the proposal a "preposterous suggestion," and there is not the least prospect of its being seriously entertained. At the same time it is receiving sufficient support to become the source of a troublesome agitation.

One of the youngest and most popular of Swiss authors, M. Gonzague de Reynold, of Geneva, has lately published the first volume of a book entitled "Cités et pays suisses." His object is to call attention chiefly to the aspect of Switzerland which so often escapes the notice of the tourist who hurries directly to the Alps, and neglects "the plain." The work is partly historical, partly descriptive. This volume deals with "la Suisse romande," a second will treat of "la Suisse allemande." M. de Reynold is a poet as well as a prose writer, and his new book contains some lyrical pieces which are not without beauty.

Prof. Adrien Naville, who recently retired from the philosophical faculty, is a member of a family which has done much for the University of Geneva, and which has been for many years associated with the intellectual development of the town. His father, Ernest Naville, a man of profound learning and an author of great critical ability, was his predecessor in the chair of philosophy. The son, after teaching philosophy at Neuchâtel, came to Geneva, where he has had a large and faithful following. Among the books and many philosophical writings which he has published, the most important is his treatise on the classification of the sciences, which is quite the most satisfactory discussion of the subject which has appeared since the time of Auguste Comte.

The art collection at the Berne national exposition has caused a great deal of almost abusive criticism. M. Simonet, a very competent judge, writes: "Never, I believe, was an exposition of paintings dishonored, anathematized, and yet more frequented than this national exposition." The fault seems to be that of the jury who, it must be admitted, have shown little discrimination, and have hung next to pictures of undoubted excellence works which awaken disgust and derision. Strange to say, indignation is excited not merely at the vices of technique and manner, and at the barbarity of the contrasts of color and eccentric draughtsmanship, but also at the subjects of many of the paintings, which give one an impression of ethical and æsthetic decadence. Probably the jury was not able to oppose the new ideas and methods of the younger school of Swiss artists, whose ideal seems to be a deformed imitation of certain foreign masters.

The Paris season has had its tragedy in bibliophily. Those who still remember that there were Symbolists may also recall the name of Paul Verlaine's "accurst poet," young Arthur Rimbaud. The sonnet in which he attributes particular colored audition to each vowel would be substantially all that remains of his work if it were not for the unending malodorous publications about his relations with Verlaine. He tired dreadfully of poets and versifying at eighteen, and was lost to Paris ken. After nineteen years, during which he gave no sign, his death was announced from the Red Sea, where he had lived at peace with his conscience trading in Abyssinia. A thin book of verse, "Saison en Enfer"—the only one published by himself—he had himself suppressed soon after its appearance in 1873. Only six copies, held dear, have been known to exist—until, after forty years, two hundred uncut copies have just been found lying forgotten in the printer's store-room at Mons, in Belgium. The owners of copies—previously rare—insist that the author's intentions shall be carried out, and these inconvenient volumes be suppressed. There is an unprized and little-sold common edition of the poem in a volume of collected works of Rimbaud, which he never saw; it was published by Symbolists long after he had deliberately forgotten them and was dead. As to bibliophiles, Tristan Bernard says that he has a copy of every known edition of Fénelon's "Télémaque"—and that he has never read the book.

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Science

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

The Call of the Stars. By John R. Kippax. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The author has hit upon a plan, essentially quite new, of compiling into a single volume not only the material of astronomical fact and theory, but also judicious excerpts from the vast stores of legendary lore that form a precious heritage from the ages. So "The Call of the Stars" is of course in no sense a text, still less a treatise for the technician, but rather a sort of cyclopædic compendium of astronomical literature drawn from the widest variety of sources, literary, historical, and scientific. Each chapter is a unit in itself, and forms a continuous story. There is no attempt at fine writing; indeed, the style as a whole is rather subdued, indeed prosaic in spots. It is nevertheless a good, honest, successful attempt to present in authoritative and well-balanced fashion the entirety of astronomical appeal at the present day.

The style is lightened by an exceptional variety of poetic quotations, showing a wide acquaintance with astronomical allusion in all literatures, from Hesiod and Aratus to Walt Whitman and Lydia Sigourney. Astrologic and legendary quotations are profuse. The main facts of descriptive astronomy, with here and there a geometric explanation, are set forth in plain language, without frills, much less pleasantry; and while it is a mere compilation, with no pretence of being anything else, it will be found especially useful to schools as a work of reference, and exceedingly useful to magazine and newspaper writers, who are continually under the necessity of presenting the different phases of astronomical progress, in their attempt as educational media to instruct the public, along with their fancied function of cleverly amusing it.

The stars proper take up about half of the book, and are divided into four seasons, with their appropriate constellations in succession. Orion is especially well and fully done, and the huge magnitude of the neighboring dog-star is quaintly and, for aught we know, cosmically accounted for by Zacris Topelius, the late Finnish poet, who states that "the lovers Zulamith the Bold and Salami the Fair, after a thousand years of separation and toil, while building their bridge of starry light, the Milky Way, upon meeting at its completion—

> Straight rushed into each other's arms,
> And melted into one.
> So they became the brightest star
> In heaven's high arch that dwelt,
> Great Sirius, the mighty Sun,
> Beneath Orion's belt."

Astrological stories form a frequent and welcome inclusion; and the fact is noted that Virgo as a feminine sign is astrologically unfortunate, as in England to-day. The star maps are rather insufficient in size for actual study of the sky. The illustrations, from recent work at the great observatories, are, as a rule, excellently chosen, though one is here and there defective in printing. The selections from the abounding field of art might well have been more numerous in a book of this character, with the history of all such allusions, often of exceeding interest. Barnard's fine photographs of Mars afford no suggestion of canals.

The moon receives the fullest exposition, as we might expect, in what is perhaps the best chapter of all, though the illustrations are not quite up to standard, that of the full moon not representing that body at the full at all. Adjoining the principal temple of the Sun at Cuzco was a chapel consecrated to the Moon, the acknowledged sister-wife of the Sun, and the deity held next in reverence to him, as the mother of the Incas. The zodiacal light and the *Gegenschein* are not omitted, but we should like to have seen more about the glacial epoch, tidal evolution, zones in the asteroid ring, and celestial photography; though if we except the colors of the stars, there are very few topics about which less might have been said. This author is rather too positive about the planetesimal hypothesis, and Kippax accepts See and Lowell as if ultimate authorities, crediting many wondrous things to the Arizona Observatory which are persistently invisible from other parts of the world. Nevertheless, he makes a very serious effort to be judicial in all controversial questions concerning Mars. In the matter of stellar ages, our real knowledge is far from being complete enough for unconditional statements.

The book is well printed and bound in the usual Putnam form. Blemishes of literary style are not frequent, and printers' errors are pretty nearly eliminated (excepting pp. xvii, 315, 369); standard time was introduced in 1883 (328); it is Stephen's law (370); the year of Kuhn's spectroscopic work on Saturn is 1895 (393); Tempel (411); perturbations of Uranus, not Neptune, have been employed to locate a possible transneptunian planet; why should the earth's "gravitative influence cease at 620,000 miles"? (313); and the reputed canals of Mars have been just as well seen with little instruments as big ones (371), sometimes perhaps a trifle better.

"The Call of the Stars" will be found a most useful book for libraries, and it deserves rewriting and bringing down to date every few years. The rather abrupt ending might well be modified, and an ampler index would be found very helpful. Nevertheless, it is easily among the best English compilations of astronomical fact and fancy.

The increasing popularity of the rock garden is in a measure attested by the publication of a second edition of a competent British work, "Rock Gardens: How to Make and Maintain Them" (Scribner), by Lewis B. Meredith. In chapters on The Site, The Natural Rock Garden, The Artificial Rock Garden, The Rockwork, The Soil, Propagation, Planting the Rock Garden, Cost, etc., the author covers the ground carefully from the point of view of an experienced gardener; and the second half of the book is devoted to an Alphabetical List of Plants Suitable for the Rock Garden, with full particulars of their habit, time of flowering, cultivation, etc., including a number of valuable plants not listed in the earlier edition. Some parts of the book—especially the chapter on cost—will need translation in the light of American conditions, but this does not seriously affect the usefulness of the book. It is well printed and illustrated, and contains an index.

"Flowering Plants of the Riviera" (Longmans; $3 net), by H. Stuart Thompson, is a handy guide to the local flora of the Riviera. Most modern manuals of botany are now arranged upon the system generally known as Engler's, in which the relationships, as now understood, are clearly presented. In the system of Engler, the families which are regarded as the lower are treated first, and the series closes with the most complex. In the system adopted, with one important modification, in this volume, the series begins with the Crowfoot family, and places the Compositæ not far from the middle. So far as the search for the name of a plant in a manual is concerned, there is very little difference between the two systems. It is enough to say that the system here used is exceedingly conservative. The author has given clear and concise descriptions, and has done a good deal towards explaining some of the puzzles of distribution. The reproductions of some excellent water-color paintings are successful in most cases, but they lack sorely some definite standards of measurement. On account of this lack, plants of large size and some of very small size are jumbled together, without any caution as to the great disparity which exists.

Prof. Paul Reclus, the noted French surgeon, died in Paris on July 29. Professor Reclus was born on March 7, 1847, at Orthez, in the Basses-Pyrénées. He was educated in the College of Sainte-Foy-la-Grande and in the Lycée of Nîmes. He was a professor of clinical surgery in Paris University, and was principal surgeon in the hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu. Professor Reclus was a member of the Academy of Medicine and an officer of the Legion of Honor. He was the author of several works on various diseases and on surgical practice.

Prof. Francis Humphreys Storer, who died in Boston on July 30, was born in the same city on March 27, 1832. He studied at Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard, and was assistant in chemistry at Harvard to Professor Cooke from 1851 until 1853. He then served as chemist for the United States North Pacific exploration expedition, and after that service went abroad to continue advance studies and research. In 1865 he was made professor of general and industrial chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, remaining there until 1870. He became professor of agricultural chemistry at Bussey Institution, where he remained until 1907, after his first year there becoming dean of the Institution. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Professor Storer was the author of several scientific works, including "Dictionary of the Solubilities of Chemical Substances," "Manual of Inorganic Chemistry," "Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis," and "Agriculture in Some of its Relations with Chemistry."

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Drama

A PERSISTENT SEASON—GLEAMS OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT—LONDON REVUES.

LONDON, July 17.

In defiance of unusually fine weather and warmth, though not excessive, yet above the average, the theatrical season, like Charles II, takes an unconscionable time in dying. We are well past the middle of July, yet there are two moderately important events still ahead of us. One is the production of a play by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, entitled "A Woman Alone," which is an attempt to urge a middle course between the complete subjection and the complete emancipation of women. Mrs. Clifford believes in the active and intelligent coöperation of women in the affairs of the world, but she would leave the voting power to men. Having read the play, I think I may safely prophesy that it will neither check the militants in their mad career nor damp the ardor of the men and women who are working for woman suffrage by legitimate methods. That woman suffrage will come before long seems to me personally as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow; and it is equally incomprehensible to me that some people should seek to hasten the inevitable by burning churches, and that others should dream of retarding it by half-hearted arguments, dialectical or dramatic. Mrs. Clifford's argument, so far as I can follow it, is neither a very forcible nor a very clear one.

The other impending event is the first English production of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." Hitherto it has lain under the censor's ban; but an unwonted spasm of common-sense has overtaken the Lord Chamberlain's office, and not only "Monna Vanna," but Ibsen's "Ghosts," after having headed for years the list of immoral works, is suddenly certified as fit for human consumption. As both plays are well known in America, I need not enlarge upon the absurdity of the situation. "Monna Vanna," to my thinking, is a bad play. There is no logical or psychological justification for the insulting condition which Prinzivalle attaches to his demand for Giovanna's visit to his tent. It is grossly inconsistent with his attitude of reverent adoration, and has therefore an air of being dragged in for the sake of its suggestiveness. So far, I think the censor could have made a plausible defence of his veto. But one artistic error does not make an immoral play; and the whole tone of M. Maeterlinck's drama ought to have placed it far above the censor's censure. The case, however, falls in with a theory I have long maintained: namely, that, where the censor has any show of reason on his side, it is almost always on account, not of any moral blemish, but of some artistic blunder committed by the author.

The removal of the embargo from "Ghosts" was celebrated on Tuesday last by a public performance at the Haymarket Theatre, organized by the indefatigable Mr. J. T. Grein, whose Independent Theatre gave the first private performance of the play a quarter of a century ago. Here again, if any excuse could be found for the censor, it would be in one or two artistic flaws which, for my part, I confess to finding rather painful. For example, Oswald's defence of "free marriages" on the ground that legitimate marriages are too expensive is so absurd that it gives one a little shock not only to hear him adduce it, but to find Mrs. Alving accepting it without demur. The whole gist of his argument is that these unions are as stable and as fruitful as though they were legalized; how, then, can the trifling cost of the actual ceremony have anything to do with the matter? The censor might, not entirely without reason, have argued that he could not give his sanction to a play in which irregular unions were defended by shameless special pleading, against which the champion of conventional morality, Pastor Manders, is not suffered to advance any effectual protest. But, in fact, the whole history of "Ghosts" illustrates the unreasonableness of censorship as an institution. That the play is, in every true sense of the word, profoundly and austerely moral, no one who knows it can doubt; yet there are certainly things in it to which an official guardian of conventional morality cannot reasonably be expected to give his deliberate sanction. The mistake lies in imposing, or seeming to impose, upon any one the duty of guaranteeing all the sentiments expressed in a dramatic work. Either he will be a vexatious futility or he will crush the whole moral and intellectual life out of the drama. The former is the alternative realized in the recent history of the British censorship.

Its vexatiousness is illustrated in a play which Mr. H. B. Irving produced last week at the Savoy Theatre—"The Sin of David," by Mr. Stephen Phillips. It must be twelve or thirteen years since Mr. Phillips, then in the first flush of his dramatic activity, told me that he had sketched a play on the subject of David and Bathsheba. I warned him that the censorship blocked all Biblical subjects: his own "Herod" was barely allowed to pass, because, though the title was Biblical, the action was not. He found on inquiry, I imagine, that he might as well attempt to put King Edward as King David on the stage; wherefore he transferred his scene of action from Judæa to Cambridgeshire, and made his David and Uriah a general and colonel in the Parliamentary army during the Civil War.

The loss, of course, was enormous. The Oriental environment would just have suited Mr. Phillips's lyric method, and though the story was doubtless rather too cynical to be handled with ease, there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Phillips, at that stage of his career, could have overcome its difficulties. Transferring it to England, he lost not only the atmosphere and the temperature of the original, but was compelled to water down the theme almost into insignificance. His Sir Hubert Lisle is not a majestic criminal like the King of Israel, but only a man who performs what is almost a duty under circumstances which make the duty almost a crime. He does not, like David, invent the forlorn hope which is to rid him of Uriah—Mardyke; the opportunity occurs in the ordinary course of the campaign, and Mardyke is the one obvious man to be detailed for the job. The case becomes one of subtle casuistry—an interesting dramatic motive, no doubt, but not to be compared with the torrent of passion which sweeps David onward, so blinded by desire that he is, it would seem, genuinely surprised when Nathan, after telling him his own black story in parable, winds up with the incomparably dramatic "Thou art the man!" There is nothing in Mr. Phillips's play at all analogous to this scene: in so far, at any rate, the censorship has impoverished English literature.

"The Sin of David," regarded simply as it is, without reference to what it might have been, suffers from Mr. Phillips's characteristic short-windedness. It is not so much a fully-developed drama as a scenario with some of its dramatic passages clothed in lyric verse. But short-windedness in blank-verse drama is infinitely preferable to long-windedness—the rock on which so many an ambitious play has split. It may, at any rate, be said for Mr. Phillips that, if he leaves us somewhat unsatisfied, he often charms and never bores us.

A play produced a few nights ago at Wyndham's Theatre interested me a good deal, not by reason of its own merits, but because of the mystery of its obvious relationship to Mr. George Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate." It is called "From Nine to Eleven," and its author is Mr. Walter Hackett. The scene is carefully non-committal; nothing is said to locate it either in America or England; but from many small indications I judge it to be in fact American. Has it been acted on your side? I do not know. Did it precede "Seven Keys to Baldpate"? I do not know. All I know is that the author plays the same trick upon his audience which Mr. Cohan plays in the piece which Mr. Charles Hawtrey is to produce some six weeks hence. A jeweller from whom a lady has obtained a valuable necklace "on approbation" is dunning for its return. She cannot return it until eleven o'clock, and it is now only nine—how is the jeweller to be kept quiet during the interval? She appeals to her uncle to exercise his well-known powers of romance and keep the impatient creditor fascinated for two hours. Then, without any warning except a momentary darkening of the stage, we find ourselves plunged into a lurid and variegated detective story, enacted by the same characters to whom we have already been introduced; and it is only at the end of the third act that we find it to be a "sell"—

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an objectivation, so to speak, of the story which the uncle is supposed to improvise for the benefit of the jeweller. Though the actual plot is wholly different from that of the "Seven Keys," the mechanism is identical; and it seems rather unlucky that the public should have been thus put on the scent, as it were, of the joke to be played upon them in Mr. Cohan's amusing "mystery farce."

An interesting special matinée was given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre a week or two ago, when a political comedy by Lady Randolph Churchill was produced, under the title of "The Bill." A minister has staked his reputation, and almost his life, on the passage of a universal suffrage bill. The measure is like to be defeated through the desertion of a group of the statesman's own party, headed by an influential baronet. But the statesman's second wife, an ambitious, domineering woman, obtains possession of a very compromising letter which the baronet has written to the statesman's daughter-in-law, and uses it to force him to abandon his opposition to the bill. When the daughter-in-law, however, learns that this blackmailing machination is going on, she determines to defeat it even at the expense of her own good name, and by making a clean breast of her indiscretion (it was no more) to set the baronet free to vote according to his conscience. He does so; the bill is defeated, and we gather that the statesman's life is shattered, though he does not actually die on the stage. The play is fairly skilful and fairly entertaining; but these modest merits are not, unfortunately, enough to distinguish it from the crowd of semi-successes. If any one should know political life in England, it ought surely to be the widow of one Cabinet Minister and the mother of another; yet Lady Randolph has not quite escaped that air of unreality which somehow clings to political plays above all others. The production was notable for a charming performance of the indiscreet but generous-hearted daughter-in-law by Miss Marie Doro.

I have lately been making a round of the great variety theatres which are given over to the craze for so-called "revues"; and, without being unduly confident, I think I can perceive a certain upward movement in these formless fantasies. Those which are now running are on the whole decidedly better than "Hallo, Ragtime!" at the Hippodrome, which set the fashion some eighteen months ago. In that I could discover no redeeming feature except the acting of Miss Ethel Levey.

What is remarkable about these huge machines is their international character. They are not really English at all, but Anglo-Franco-Russo-American. Among the leading artists, other than dancers, the American element largely preponderates. Apart from Miss Ethel Levey, who I think has the makings of a serious actress, Miss Elsie Janis, at the Palace, easily heads the list. She has very genuine cleverness, refinement, and charm, and may fairly be said to make the success of "The Passing Show." In all of the productions Americans are prominent and popular, and have so set the style that I took for Americans one or two performers who turned out, on inquiry, to be English. The French element comes in mainly in the scenery and dresses. Paul Poiret has dressed several Alhambra shows, and in most of the productions there are one or two scenes of real originality and beauty by French painters. An odd phenomenon, by the way, is the sustained popularity of a series of French revues, played from beginning to end in French, at the Middlesex Music Hall in Drury Lane. I went to see "Vive L'Amour!" the other evening, and found it so thoroughly Parisian in its slang that most of the jokes escaped me. Certainly the popularity of these pieces is an amazing symptom of the "entente cordiale," though there is perhaps more cordiality than "entente" on the part of the English audiences. The Russian element is to be found in the dancing. Many of the actual performers are Russians, and the influence of the Russian Ballet is perceptible at every point. On the whole, in spite of many vulgarities and inanities, these entertainments show a certain aspiration towards beauty, wit, and even intelligence, which is not to be despised. And their internationalism is, to my thinking, a valuable feature. It is something for two nations to have even their vulgarities in common.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Music

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MUSICIAN.

Ecole Buissonnière. Par Camille Saint-Saëns. Paris: Pierre Lafitte & Cie. 3 fr. 50.

Like Berlioz, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner, Saint-Saëns has written books that will live as long as his musical scores, which are among the best France has given to the world; indeed, it is safe to pronounce him the most scholarly composer that country has produced, and, next to Bizet, the most inspired. As a man of letters he is less brilliant and imaginative than Berlioz, but also less erratic and fantastic. His "Harmonie et Mélodie" (of which seven editions have been printed) and his "Portraits et Souvenirs" are delightfully stimulating, and give vivid glimpses of his experiences, his friends, and his opinions. A systematic book of mémoires, he has declared emphatically, he will never write; but the two books just named largely take the place of such, and what was missing is supplied by his latest volume, "Ecole Buissonnière," which, as the title suggests, is a rambling collection of articles on all sorts of subjects, giving the reader a good idea of the different ways in which he has worked and enjoyed life. As some of these chapters have appeared quite recently in *l'Echo de Paris* and other periodicals, and the author is now in his eightieth year, it may be assumed that this will prove his last contribution to French literature—for literature it is, having many of the best qualities of the Gallic style.

His way of relating the principal events of his career *en passant*, in the course of diverse discussions, has the advantage of sparing the reader dull biographic details which in a regular book of memoirs would have had to be introduced for the sake of continuity. It is only to his infancy that Saint-Saëns devotes a special chapter in the new volume. Among the interesting facts we gather from this are these: that the first instrument which appealed to his musical instincts was a tea-kettle, the singing of which, gradually growing more intense, aroused his "curiosité passionnée"; that he began to pick out tunes on the piano when he was thirty months old (this he himself remembers); that he refused to learn children's pieces, because the accompaniment was too simple and "the bass did not sing"; that at five he played sonatas and began to compose, directly on paper, not by the easier way of searching out tunes on the keyboard; that at first he did not like a violin alone, but enjoyed a number of violins played together, whereas the entry of trumpets, trombones, and cymbals made him cry out: "Stop them—they prevent me from hearing the music"—an objection which not a few adults raise against much of the music of our day.

It was by no means an easy row that Saint-Saëns had to hoe when he grew up. In the Conservatoire his merits were not acknowledged at once, and his efforts to come before the public were for a long time futile. Young American musicians who think they are not appreciated should read the "Histoire d'un Opéra-Comique" in this volume, in which the author relates in detail his trials and tribulations with the "Timbre d'Argent." There was at that time a curious prejudice in Paris against French musicians, from which not only the eccentric Berlioz suffered, but also the younger men, among them Bizet. Concerning him, when he gave the Parisians the delicious "Pêcheurs de perles" and the immortal "Carmen," Saint-Saëns remarks that "the devil in his own person, coming directly from the infernal regions, could not have had a worse reception." About his own masterwork, "Samson et Dalila," the author informs us that had it not been for Liszt, who brought it out at Weimar, this opera would have never seen the light of day.

These are a few of the biographic details that may be culled from the "Ecole Buissonnière." No less interesting are his reminiscences of diverse friends to whom sections are assigned—Victor Hugo, Pasteur, Louis Gallet, Pauline Viardot, Liszt, Rossini, Massenet, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Ingres, and others. Curious details are given regarding open-air performances in France. There are chapters on Egypt and Algiers, on stars, on travel now as contrasted with former days of discomfort, on optical questions, on religious music, on the pronunciation of Latin in the French churches, and on organs and

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organ-playing. For more than twenty years Saint-Saëns was organist of the Madeleine in Paris, and this, he declares, was one of the joys of his existence, as it must have been of the congregations and of many tourists. Instead of playing the works of others, or his own, he nearly always improvised, and in this art he was without a peer, although, as he remarks, improvising was formerly "the glory of the French school." Lefébure-Wély, he continues, "who was a marvellous improviser (I have a right to say so, for I have heard him), did not write any organ pieces that rose above mediocrity; and I could name some among our contemporaries who do not rise to their full height except when they are improvising."

With the latest developments of French music, Saint-Saëns is not at all in sympathy. Without mentioning names, he loses no chance, from the preface to the final pages, to hurl an anathema at Debussy and his more or less radical imitators. The admirers of this sort of thing, he declares, are lucky: "they enjoy pleasures of which I have no conception, and which I shall never know." He has no interest in musical anarchy—in an "art" which violates all the rules of musical grammar and preaches that any combination or sequence of tones is legitimate. To him the great Frenchmen in music are Bizet, Berlioz, and Gounod, and he has much admiration for Massenet, whom he calls "one of the most brilliant diamonds in our jewel casket." Those to whom "the horrible is beautiful and the beautiful horrible" may not like him, but Saint-Saëns admires him for having dared to write music which is pleasing. He may not have been profound, but neither were the Greek sculptors profound; "their statues are beautiful and their beauty is a sufficient merit." Massenet had his faults, but "ce n'est pas l'absence de défauts, c'est la présence des qualités qui fait les grandes œuvres et les grands hommes."

HENRY T. FINCK.

The Edward MacDowell Memorial Association has chosen August 19 to 23 for its fifth annual festival in Peterborough, N. H., which promises to surpass all previous festivals by the variety of its programmes, the large list of participating artists, and the increasing interest of the music-loving public all over the country. One of the main purposes of the festival is to give composers, playwrights, and interpreters opportunity to exhibit their work to advantage without incurring any expense for singers, orchestra, or chorus. Most of the American composers whose works are to be represented next month will be present to conduct them personally. Among them are: Edgar Stillman Kelley, W. H. Humiston, Lewis M. Isaacs, Edward Ballantine, Gena Branscombe, Rossiter G. Cole, Chalmers Clifton, Arthur Farwell, Henry F. Gilbert, Arthur Nevin, Deems Taylor. The Boston Festival Orchestra has again been procured for these performances. The Peterborough MacDowell Choral Club, of seventy-five voices, will be heard, among other things, in Haydn's "Creation." Orchestral and choral works by MacDowell are on the programmes. There will be dances by Lada, the talented American girl who studied her art in Russia. Ferdinand Reyher contributes a play called "Youth Will Dance," introducing a series of old English morris dances, and one of the afternoon programmes includes "Pan and the Star," a pantomime by Joseph Lindon Smith with music by Edward Burlingame Hill. Full programmes may be obtained, with particulars concerning accommodations, from the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association at Peterborough, N. H.

One of Ignaz Friedman's achievements which is attracting attention abroad is a new edition of the compositions of Chopin. *Die Musik*, of Berlin, considers it of sufficient importance to devote four columns to a review of it. Breitkopf & Härtel are the publishers. In preparing this edition, Friedman followed the example of Mikuli, and once more compared the printed copies with the original manuscripts. In the case of Chopin, to be sure, this procedure does not always settle points that are in doubt, for he made frequent changes in his copy, and there are as many readings of some of his works as of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy" and his "Well-Tempered Clavichord." Friedman has paid special attention to phrasing, fingering, expression marks, and, above all, pedalling, which is of such superlative importance in the playing of Chopin.

George Henschel—Sir George since the King's last birthday—was the first singer who fully revealed to American audiences the wonderful art embodied in the songs of Liszt when they are not only interpreted by a genuine vocal artist, but played by a great pianist. He usually played his own piano part, and to hear him thus perform Liszt's mastersongs (the best of which have also been issued in a separate volume by the Oliver Ditson Company) was an experience to be remembered. He was also for many years an authoritative interpreter of the songs of Brahms, with whom he had much personal intercourse. Sir George was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (1881-84). Since then he has spent most of his time in London, conducting, singing, and teaching. On April 29 last he made his farewell appearance on the concert platform in London. Thirty-seven years had elapsed since his first public appearance in that city. Few musicians have had such a far-reaching influence on musical life in England. It has been said that "there are few English singers who have not at some time or other passed through his hands, and who would not confess that they owed a great deal to him."

That there is no prejudice in Germany against American composers is demonstrated by the growing interest in the songs and piano pieces of Edward MacDowell, and the cordial reception given this year to Edgar Stillman Kelley. Under the presidency of Carl Stoeckel, of Norfolk, Conn., a society has been formed for promoting the publication and distribution of Professor Kelley's works.

Saint-Saëns is a great traveller, and it is therefore not incredible that, notwithstanding his age, he has consented to cross the ocean and pay this country another visit during the coming season. Campanini has included his opera "Déjanire" in the repertory of the Chicago Opera Company, which has his promise to conduct it in that city and in Philadelphia. He is also to play one of his concertos at a Sunday concert. It is inconceivable that he should not also be heard in New York.

Art

A STUDY OF PESTILENCE.

Plague and Pestilence in Literature and Art. By Raymond Crawfurd. Oxford University Press.

In these pages Dr. Raymond Crawfurd deals with the artistic and literary associations of the pestilence from the earliest times until the end of the eighteenth century; from the plague which smote the Philistines in Ashdod to the plague which devastated Moscow in 1771. He has added a learned appendix in which he states his reasons for diagnosing the plague of Athens, in 430 B. C., as typhus fever rather than as Oriental plague; but, with this exception, he only impinges on the fields of medical science and of history so far as is necessary to give coherence to his narrative. The result is a work of quite unusual interest. Indeed, the only serious fault we have to find with it lies in the fact that it contains no index, table of contents, expository page-headings, or titles of chapters. We are turned adrift upon a chartless sea of print, and, having finished our voyage, must trust to our memories for every detail of it. This is unquestionably a drawback, but one which is somewhat mitigated by the strict chronological order in which the subject is arranged. Moreover, the page-margins are ample, and, when all is said and done, one's own marginalia are the most satisfactory marginalia there are.

Of a work of this kind the illustrations naturally form an important feature. If they do not really illustrate the text, they are worse than useless, and we are glad to testify that in the volume before us they are well chosen and numerous, ranging from photographs of classical Greek and Latin coins, of mediæval plague-banners, and *Pestblätter*, to reproductions of quite modern pictures. There is, however, a startling omission, and one which seems almost inexplicable in view of the stress which Dr. Crawfurd lays upon the time-honored conception of pestilence as caused by darts or arrows. It was, as he is careful to remind us, the Archer Apollo (Ἀργυρότοξος) who shot pestilence into the Grecian host; the brazen buckler which fell from heaven into the hands of Numa was given to ward off the arrows of pestilence; Bonfigli's banner, in the chapel of the Gonfalone at Perugia, depicts the Madonna protecting her votaries from the arrows of an angry Christ; while it was because St. Sebastian is always represented as arrow-pierced that he became a plague-saint. Yet the painting which, of all Italian paintings, most completely illustrates this idea finds no place in Mr. Crawfurd's book. We, of course, refer to the Tovoletta di Biccherna, of 1437, where the Plague is represented as a Demon-Archer, mounted upon a furiously galloping black horse and shooting arrows as he comes. The air is full of them, and all doubt as to the symbolism of the picture is

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removed by the fact that one arrow is directed towards the groin, another towards the neck, and two towards the armpits of the various victims—details these which, we should have supposed, might at once have caught and riveted the attention of a medical man (see W. Heywood, "A Pictorial Chronicle of Siena," Siena, Torrini, 1902, pages 57-60). Probably, however, Dr. Crawfurd has never seen the painting in question, nor even the photograph of it which hangs in the R. Archivio di Stato in Siena among the *Tavolette dipinte della Biccherna e della Gabella.*

In Italy, at any rate, Dr. Crawfurd seems rarely to have left the beaten track; his information is generally at second hand, and we take leave to doubt if he even understands the Italian language. When, on page 114, he speaks of Lando di Pietro, *Landus Aurifex* (see the Milanesi documents, I, 228), as "Lando Orefice," and again, on page 115, as "Orefice" simply, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that he regards *Orefice* as a family name instead of, as it is, the Italian for *goldsmith.* Such slips (and there are others with which we have no space to deal) scarcely decrease the value of the book. We mention them to the end that if, as we hope there may be, there is a call for a second edition, Mr. Crawfurd may find time to correct them.

NEO-CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE.

Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By A. E. Richardson, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Small folio. With 136 illustrations.

Mr. Richardson was well advised in undertaking the preparation of this work. It was high time that some one should do for the neo-classic architecture of Great Britain a like service to that which has been repeatedly rendered to her mediæval architecture —Norman, Gothic, and Tudor. It has been too much the custom to misprize and decry the neo-classic work of English architects, especially of those coming after Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren. Certainly the average American architect is apt to imagine that, in spite of the achievements of Gibbs, Sir William Chambers, and the Adam brothers, England has very little to show in the way of really successful architecture in the classic styles or spirit. A perusal of Mr. Richardson's systematic and admirably illustrated volume ought certainly to correct any such misconception.

After such a perusal one may, perhaps, still contend that the classic styles have always been foreign styles in England, their forms and spirit in a certain degree alien to British taste, and that even the best English examples hardly measure up to the quality of the best Italian and French work. But it will be impossible to deny that the showing made in this volume is really impressive; that not a few of the buildings illustrated are worthy to be called masterpieces; while, to many readers, the wealth of names of notable architects marshalled in the text and represented by their works in the illustrations will be surprising.

The 136 illustrations are mostly from photographs, all of high quality; while the plans, elevations, and other diagrams are precisely such as are needed to elucidate the text and supplement the views. Inigo Jones, Wren, and Gibbs do not figure except incidentally in the text; but Sir William Chambers and his successors, to the close of the neo-Greek period, are well represented. London, Bath, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Liverpool supply most of the examples. The text is sufficiently full and detailed. It avoids extravagant praise, while seeking to do justice both to the greater and to the lesser lights whom it mentions. The point is well made that the classic styles brought into England a really monumental architecture to supersede the essentially provincial earlier Renaissance styles, known as the Elizabethan and Jacobean. The four chapters between the Introduction and the Appendix treat of the Roman-Palladian Phase, 1730-1780; the Græco-Roman Phase, 1780-1820; the Greek Phase, 1820-1840; and the Culmination in the neo-Greek and Italian Phase. There are a full bibliography and an index. The work is commended to architects, and should prove especially suggestive to students of our own "Colonial" architecture.

For some years there has been evident in this country a revival of original, or painter, etching—etching, that is, as a means of direct expression for the artist, as distinguished from reproductive etching, in which a painting or other work of art is translated into the language of copper, etching needle, and acid. On the whole, the younger generation of etchers has accepted the art, with its advantages and limitations, and has realized the necessity of respecting the nature of the medium and of adapting it to each individuality. The "Year Book of American Etching" (Lane; $2 net), though far from including all of our best men in this field, does afford a good view of the state of the art with us to-day. Its hundred illustrations evidence diversity of personal expression and various influences, and they also cover a variety of subjects. There are depicted definite localities, spots in Venice, Oxford, Honfleur, Harlem River, Chicago. There is the landscape presented by MacLaughlan, Manley, and others rather for its own sake and its mood, the latter occasionally underscored by the use of descriptive titles with a literary flavor. Figure pieces include the stern vigor of Lewis and the melodramatic tinge of Higgins. The pictorial possibilities of our industrial undertakings—not a much-worked field—have been seized occasionally by Pearson and Horter. In calling attention to the last-named fact, one wishes, like Mr. Forbes Watson, who contributes an admirable introduction, to avoid the charge of false patriotism. We shall not produce American art by the mere process of picturing American subjects. As Mr. Watson points out, it is the man and his attitude that counts, whether he find topics in his own land or in some other that happens to enlist his sympathies.

Finance

THE WAR MARKETS.

With almost inconceivable rapidity, the prediction which financial experts have for years been making—that outbreak of a general European war would bring in the markets a situation unprecedented in history—has been fulfilled. On Friday of last week, when Germany sent her ultimatum to Russia, the Bank of England advanced its discount rate to 8 per cent.—the highest since the Overend-Gurney panic of 1866—and the London Stock Exchange was closed; this being followed by the closing of all stock exchanges in this country, and by cessation of business on all Continental exchanges.

On Saturday, the London bank rate went to 10 per cent.; the highest in the institution's history, and never matched but twice. On the same day, in connection with Germany's declaration of war on Russia, the foreign exchanges of the world fell into an unworkable condition. Demand sterling at New York, whose normal maximum is 4.89, and which had already gone to $5 in the pound on Thursday, touched $6½ on Saturday, and has gone to $7 this week. These are prohibitive rates for all except business conducted on a basis of paramount necessity. They meant that the machinery for financial drafts by a market in one country on a market in another had broken down. As a matter of fact, exchange on London has this week been virtually non-procurable at New York.

The first effect of this embargo on international settlement of accounts was the declaration at Paris of a "moratorium"—whereby payment of maturing indebtedness is by governmental decree deferred for the period of a month. The Balkan States set the precedent for this, in their recent war. Adoption of this expedient was under discussion, even at London, over Sunday. When this present week began, a temporary substitute was adopted, in the shape of a declaration by Parliament of three successive extra "bank holidays"—an expedient borrowed from the act of the legislatures in our own California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and Oklahoma, during the panic of 1907. With this was coupled a decree releasing bankers from immediate liabilities on maturing foreign bills.

Simultaneously, our Government authorized the issue, if necessary, through the banks, of $500,000,000 or more of "emergency banknotes," based on approved commercial assets and taxed at so high a rate as to insure its return from circulation when conditions again are normal. It was properly assumed that this would prevent a shut-down on cash payments to depositors, a currency famine, and a premium on currency, such as occurred in our panic of 1907. The adoption of this expedient was followed, at the banks of New York and other cities, by the authorizing of clearing-house loan certificates, whereby a bank whose cash reserve has been drawn down too low, in a run of depositors,

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may pay its balances due to other banks in the Clearing House, at the daily settlement, in due bills secured by high-grade collateral.

Other emergency expedients may follow, abroad and here; for the situation arising from the blockade of international exchange, the embargo created on the markets of countries now at war, and the withdrawal of merchant ships through fear of capture, is one of the widest imaginable ramifications. It has now directed all interest, in this country, to the problems of the import and export trade.

Nothing at all resembling the present European situation has existed since Napoleon declared war on England in 1803, and the mutual interdependence, on a credit basis, between such markets as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and New York, was then of trivial scope, compared with the relations which exist to-day. That the greater part of our usual import trade from the European Continent is already cut off, follows necessarily from the seizure of railway facilities in France and Germany by the governments for military purposes, and from the holding in port of transatlantic vessels of those countries. Merchandise importations, from France and Germany alone, usually average a million dollars daily—which gives some conception of the problem now created, especially when credit obligations must in large measure have been incurred already, against merchandise consigned to this market from those countries and obstructed on the way.

The still larger problem of our export trade covers business not only with those countries, but with other European destinations. Our export trade to Europe averages $4,000,000 daily. Nearly one-third of it is with France and Germany direct, and that, for the moment at any rate, is completely blockaded. The rest, including the great amount which usually goes to England, is halted by the present absence of facilities for financing the export movement.

With this extraordinary problem the commercial and banking interests of New York and London have to grapple, and all that even the most experienced international bankers can yet say is that it will have to be solved through stress of sheer necessity, but that, apparently, financial machinery altogether novel will have to be invoked. It is plain enough that the expedient of the Napoleonic wars, the squadron of merchant ships under convoy of an armed frigate—familiar to our boyhood in the pages of Captain Marryat—would inadequately cope with the occasion, even if such an arrangement were actually feasible.

Meantime, however, our wheat, for which the need on European markets will grow more and more urgent daily, is piling up at our ports and inland storage points, and both the grain exporters and the grain exchanges are for the present in a state of complete bewilderment. What will be the precise outcome of this remarkable dilemma, and exactly how the sudden deficit in merchandise importations will affect the home-producing markets of the same commodities—for home consumption will not stop—are among the questions which are presently to be answered, adding something new to economic science.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Banks, E. J. An Armenian Princess. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.25 net.
Barrett, A. W. The Silver King. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Gordon, Carol. Inspiration. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Hobart, G. V. You Should Worry. G. W. Dillingham Co. 75 cents net.
Lewis, A. H. Nation-Famous New York Murders. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Roberts, T. G. Jess of the River. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fansler, H. E. The Evolution of Technic in Elizabethan Tragedy. Chicago: Row, Peterson & Co. $1.25 net.
Lewis, Wyndham. Blast. (Review of the Great English Vortex.) London: John Lane Co. $1 net.
Villars, Abbe N. de Monfaucon de. The Comte De Gabalis. Harry B. Haines. $2.50.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Thompson, Slason. The Railway Library and Statistics, 1913: Fifth Series. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Barclay, Sir Thomas. Thirty Years: Anglo-French Reminiscences (1876-1906). Houghton Mifflin Co.

SCIENCE.

Avalon, Arthur. Prapanchasara Tantra. Vol. III. London: Luzac & Co.
Harbison, E. G. Low Cost Recipes. Phila.: G. W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.
Rotch, A. L. Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXXIII—Part I. Cambridge: The Observatory.
Savidge, E. C. The Philosophy of Radio-Activity. Wm. R. Jenkins Co. $1.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Johnston, C. H., and others. The Modern High School. Scribner.

Hazen's Europe Since 1815
By Charles D. Hazen, Professor of History, Smith College. With 14 colored maps. 856 pp. 8vo. *Library Edition.* $3.75 net.
"A clear, comprehensive and impartial record of the bewildering changes in Europe. Illuminatingly clear."—*New York Sun.*
Henry Holt and Co. 34W.33d St. New York

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